

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning.
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CONTENTS.

I. REGRESSIVE EVOLUTION. By Senator Paolo Mantegazza. Translated for The Living Age,	<i>Nuova Antologia</i> ,	155
II. THE MOST MISERABLE PEASANTRY IN EUROPE. By Edith Sellers,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	162
III. SKETCHES. By Paul Bourget. II. THE ADVERSARY. Part II. Translated for The Living Age by William Marchant,	166	
IV. THE SECRET OF BALDNESS. By G. Clarke Nuttall,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	172
V. GAVARNI. By Tighe Hopkins,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	176
VI. TABAKANOF'S IDYL. By George L. Calderon,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	182
VII. ENGLAND AND JAPAN. By H. W. Wilson,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	188
VIII. "AI KALI!" : A STORY OF THE PLAGUE. By J. G. Crosthwaite,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	195
IX. THE SEASON OF THE YEAR. By Grant Allen,	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> ,	204
X. JANE AUSTEN,	<i>Speaker</i> ,	214
POETRY.		
THE EMPTY HEARTH,	154 THE BATH,	154
EX ORE INFANTUM,	154 SLUMBER-SONG,	154

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THE EMPTY HEARTH.

As I sit beside the empty hearth, there's
silence all around,
But I hear the rocking measure of a
cradle on the ground:
My little baby sleeping draws her breath
with gentle sigh,
And my son, of play now weary, nestles
close with drooping eye.

His hand is warm within my hand, his
head upon my breast
Is sweet with the scent of childhood, of
the young bird in the nest;
His face is hidden from me, but his eyes
are strange and bright,
And he whose eyes are like them walks
towards me thro' the night.

I soon shall hear his footstep—oh! his foot-
step!—on the stair,
The door will open, he will come and
stand behind my chair . . .
—God! save me from these dreams! The
hearth is empty, far is he:
And his little children lie asleep on an-
other woman's knee.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

EX ORE INFANTUM.

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play "Can you see me?" through their
wings?
And did Thy mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean
blue!
Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?

And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayers seem very long?

And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?
Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small,
And Thou knowest I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE BATH.

Like handsome antique monster, man and
beast,
Bitless and free, the sea have entered in,
Midst the gold mist of acrid pulverin—
On fiery sky athletic group expressed.

The savage horse and rustic tamer with
zest
Inhale the salty fragrance as with keen,
Abandoned joy their naked flesh and skin
Are by Atlantic's icy stream caressed.

The surge swells, runs, wall-like is piled,
Then breaks. They cry. His tail the
stallion plies
Till azure wave in jets transplendent flies;
And with dishevelled locks and aspect
wild
Their smoking breasts in passion they op-
pose
To foaming billows' lashing, angry blows.
From "Sonnets of José María de Hérédia," done
into English by Edward Robeson Taylor.

SLUMBER-SONG.

Sleep! the spirits that attend
On thy waking hours are fled.
Heaven thou canst not now offend
Till thy slumber-plumes are shed;
Consciousness alone doth lend
Life its pain, and Death its dread;
Innocence and Peace befriend
All the sleeping and the dead.

JOHN B. TABB.

From the *Nuova Antologia*.
REGRESSIVE EVOLUTION.

Some fifteen years ago, at the invitation of the pupils in the Institute for Higher Study at Florence, I delivered a memorial address on Darwin; and now evolutionism, like all the vital things which issue from the brain of the most highly vitalized of all creatures—man—is itself experiencing evolution. During the half century or so that has elapsed since the philosopher of Down pronounced his new *flat lux*, the Darwinian theory has undergone, at the hands of two generations of naturalists and thinkers, a slow but continuous process of elaboration, elimination and refining; and the easy prophecy which I uttered upon that occasion has been abundantly verified.

I then said that the great naturalist believed himself to have discovered a key to all the mysteries of nature; but that nature still possesses thousands of sealed tabernacles which can only be unlocked in a variety of ways as yet undiscovered. Life is too variegated and manifold to be illumined by a single ray, however vivid. There are stars that await the telescope, and cells that await the microscope, and molecules that await a third instrument, not yet discovered. No; Darwinism does not account for everything, and utility is often but a vicious circle returning upon itself. Sexual selection is a dream which cannot resist dispassionate criticism; nor will millions of ages suffice to turn a protoplasm into a man; while nature in the case of the frog requires but a few weeks to transform a fish into a creature with lungs, and a few days only to develop a crawling, carnivorous larva into a winged insect living on the sweetness of flowers. If Darwin had indeed fathomed all the secrets of nature, he would have been no man, but the personal God of the Deist. He would have been a creator, before whom we should all have been constrained to bend the knee and veil the brow in adoration. The Darwinism of the naturalist is no longer that of

Darwin; and some day I may perhaps attempt a conclusive estimate of how much of the gigantic edifice is yet standing, how much has been remodelled, and how much has fallen into hopeless ruin. In the pages of a review like the *Nuova Antologia* this would be impossible; and my purpose in this article is merely to draw the attention of thinkers to a singularly profound and original book¹ which has lately appeared, and to which the servants of three different sciences, a zoologist, a botanist and a metaphysician, have contributed with a rare scientific unanimity. It is a sort of collaboration which would be all but impossible in Italy, where every man has, in the words of D'Azeglio "a bit of civil war in his veins."

In the vast library of Darwinian literature—the countless progeny of the great English naturalist—this is one of the most important works which has yet appeared. Its very title is enough to show how vast a field the three authors have attempted to embrace, and what deep and difficult problems they have essayed to solve.

Quite apart, however, from the problems of evolution, I feel inclined to hail in this collective work one of the clearest, and I will say noblest, signs of the new departure in science. Botany, zoology, anthropology, sociology, politics and history are no longer to remain shut up in their mediæval castles and suspicious of one another. They are looking forth from their machicolated towers, and waving salutations; enemies no more but children of the same family. The abolition of frontiers and custom-houses would be a noble step in international policy; but in the realm of science, it is like the rosy dawn of a serene and sunny day.

II.

According to our three authors, the word *evolution* implies, in itself, no idea

¹ Jean Demoer, Jean Massort, Emile Vandervelde. *L'evolution Regressive en Biologie et en Sociologie*. Paris, Félix Alcan. 1897.

either of progress or of regress. It merely expresses the sum of the transformations which take place in an organism or a society.

If the evolution of an organ or its elements tends toward the disappearance of that organ or those elements, evolution is regressive. If it tends toward the development of the organ, or toward the formation of a new organ, it is progressive. These definitions are equally applicable to changes taking place in human society and institutions.

Progressive evolution is associated in the minds of all men with ideas of movement forward, development and perfecting; with the increasing differentiation and continuous co-ordination of organs and of functions. Progress is universally understood to imply a growing wealth of organs and of energies; a larger circle of possibilities; the subdivision of a single office into many different ones.

Regressive evolution, on the contrary, is a backward movement toward degeneration and decadence; toward the disappearance or atrophy of an organ, and hence of a function.

What our authors propose to demonstrate in their books is that these two seemingly hostile and contradictory notions do really interpenetrate and mutually complete one another. Regress and progress are, in their view, two phases of the same phenomenon, or aspects of the same evolution; whereby every progressive transformation is invariably accompanied by a backward movement or regress.

This bold and seemingly paradoxical statement should, if I mistake not, be somewhat modified. As it stands, it seems to confound things which are too dissimilar, and to obscure by a confusion of words the limpidity of nature's laws. If it be essential to an advance toward a more complex, or, as we say—roughly and empirically—a more perfect type, that an organ should be atrophied or disappear, we certainly have before us an act of regression, but a partial one; we have the decline or dis-

appearance of a lesser energy, in order that life may triumph throughout the entire organism.

If the disappearance of the tail in man, or the atrophy of the muscles which render the ear in so many animals a peculiarly mobile organ, be a fact of partial regression, the mobility of the neck and the consummation of the hand imply entirely new capabilities, and the whole organism has progressed, in spite of the regression implied in the atrophy or disappearance of particular organs.

Of the origin of organs, we know little or nothing. How were the first rudiments of leaves produced in the ancestors of the phænogamous plants? How the rudiments of the eye, in the oldest vertebrates? Were these organs derived from other organs having a different function, or were they formed directly? In any case, if they were derived from other organs, we know nothing of the transformations which they have undergone; while if they were formed directly, we need not concern ourselves about them, since there has been no transformation of the organ. The latter has been formed, developed and perfected without the necessary accompaniment of any partial regression.

In the course of their evolution the individual organs do not reproduce, exactly, the different phases of their evolution in the species. It may be said, in a general way, especially of plants, that an organ comes into being directly—that is to say, it does not show that it is the result of the transformation of some other organ. And even when the present does offer a summary of the past, we have no indication of what preceded that past.

Higher up in the scale of being, the same fact is still more noticeable. The *neuron*, or nerve-cell of the cortical stratum of the human brain, does pass successively through the different phases presented in the adult state by the fish, the batrachian, the bird and the mammal; but its evolution consists

in an increasing complexity of the cell unaccompanied by any loss whatever.

In considering the facts of evolution, whether progressive or regressive, we should keep always in mind the capacity of the organism for indefinite modification to adapt itself to a variety of external conditions; whereby it is emancipated from the tyranny of heredity, which tends always to preserve the same forms through successive periods of time.

The water ranunculuses, for instance, when cultivated in earth, have stipules to their leaves, and chlorophyll in the cells of the epidermis. The same plant, cultivated in water, produces much longer leaves than the land variety, with no stipules, and no chlorophyll in the epidermic cells. In the same manner, certain plants of the cactus family (*Phyllocactus*), when grown in the dark, have three-cornered, thorny branches; but when they are brought out into the light, their branches become flat and smooth. Similar facts may be observed in the animal world. During the slow drying-up of the sea of Aral, basins have been formed containing water of different degrees of density; in accordance with which, the *Cardium*, a species of shell-fish, presents a whole series of adaptations. The hard shell becomes elongated, and paler in color, and gradually diminishes in thickness until it is merely horny. The *Mytilus edulis*, or Venetian mussel, in which Carazzi has taught the entire Italian nation to see a healthful and savory article of food presents at least three varieties of shell according as it lives in brackish water, in the deep sea, or on the sea-surface.

I cannot enter, in a purely literary review, into the minute morphological phenomena so thoroughly and enthusiastically investigated by our scientists. I must content myself with alluding to the adaptation of certain plants to carnivorous nutrition. Instead of living exclusively on mineral substances and carbonic anhydride, these plants can assimilate animal matter, such as the insects and other small

organisms which are caught in their leaves. They employ snares, traps and deceitful pitfalls, or again, they lime their prey, as we do when we hunt owls. Now this adaptation to a carnivorous existence is invariably accompanied by a regressive transformation in the organs of the plant, and by a great diminution of chlorophyll, which is only produced in small quantities, on the upper and under edge of the leaf, and in the pedicels and other secondary organs.

III.

Let us now pass from phenomena of regressive evolution, as they may be studied in plants and animals, to the transformation of institutions in the same social group. It may seem, at first sight, a bold step, but the comparison is neither forced nor illogical. The old apothegm, *Natura non facit saltus*, is the motto of modern science and will be a main article in the scientific creed of the future.

The financial organization of the different states and communities of Europe has undergone a complete transformation since the middle ages. Taxes and imposts have everywhere assumed a preponderant importance, taking the place of those imperial revenues which constituted the chief if not the sole resource of the sovereign in feudal times. But the authors who have gone most deeply into the state budgets and the various communal accounts of England, France, Germany and Belgium have shown conclusively that the change in question has always been accompanied by a retrograde movement. Similar transformations accompanied by similar retrogressions may also be observed when we come to study the working of the same institution in different social groups. The primitive law of landed property was this: The ground occupied by a tribe or clan was considered as *res nullius*—nobody's in particular—and it was consequently at the free disposition of any member of the community. Witness

the *Feld-Wald und Weidegemeinschaft* of Von Mauer. But as the value of the land increased with the growth of population, this state of things underwent a change. The rights of individuals and groups of individuals were consolidated, and at the same time limited; and there arose, either simultaneously or successively, the following different kinds of property in land: first, family property; second, village property; third, feudal property; fourth, communal or public property; fifth, corporative property; and sixth, individual property.

The first three forms represent, among certain peoples at least, three successive stages of the evolution of property; but contemporaneously with the dissolution of the old régime, we see developing, on the one hand, individual, and on the other, communal or public property. It is a long series of transformations which ends in the substitution of the modern forms of public and private property for the original communal arrangement, and it has been constantly accompanied by a corresponding regression.

IV.

All actual organisms have lost, in the course of their evolution from father to son, a certain number of organs, which organs may either still be seen in an atrophied state, or observed in other organisms which may be considered as ancestral.

Organs reduced to very small dimensions—authentic witnesses to regressive transformations in the organism—are organs which have ceased to be functional, or of which the functions have so declined in importance that they might be suppressed without injury to the organism.

When we find an organ wanting or notably diminished in size, in one species, and preserved in another which may be supposed its ancestor, we are enabled to substantiate in another way the fact of regressive evolution. Thus in the germination of the *Orobanchæa*—

parasites which are undoubtedly derived from holophytic plants—we find no trace of the cotyledons possessed by their ancestors. A similar fact may be noticed in the genealogy of the horse. The Adam of the species is the *Eohippus* which had four toes on the front hoof and four metatarses in the hinder one. It had to lose two toes and two metatarses in order to become a horse. Man is descended from a creature which must have been hairy over the whole surface of the body; but he is very slightly so, and his hairs may be considered as deteriorated organs which have undergone a process of regressive evolution. The wisdom-tooth also, as Darwin divined, and as I myself have established by direct observation, is an organ in a state of retrogression, and probably destined to disappear.

If now we pass from the life of the individual to the collective life of society, the same facts meet us. It may be affirmed that no existing society represents the primitive type of social organization. All have undergone transformations, more or less thorough, and simultaneously lost, in the course of their development, certain of their institutions. But all existing societies also preserve, in their customs and superstitions, the remains of ancient social organs which might be eliminated any day, and even, it may be, to the general advantage. As Kowalevsky once said, briefly and pointedly: "The past yields to the present only on condition of leaving traces in the latter, the number and importance of which vary according to circumstances." In the ancient societies, evolution must have been much slower than at present, because the transforming forces operated obscurely and sluggishly. To-day, on the other hand, imitation of the past and respect for custom and tradition are reduced to a minimum, especially in the New World. And yet—even in the most feverishly progressive societies—we find rudimentary traces or remains of the past. The Israelite, even in the United States, continues to circumcise

his own sons, and Christians take the Eucharist. They all make use of the same calendar, with its curious survivals of by-gone politics, in the names of the months and the days of the week. Every time we salute a friend, we unconsciously preserve a reminiscence of the forms of vassalage which prevailed in the days of our fathers.

In the United States we find many examples of dwindled institutions, whose origin goes back to the last century. Such are the primary assemblies or town-meetings of some of the New England cities. When a town or village acquires a certain number of inhabitants, it is transformed into a city, and the general assembly of the inhabitants gives place to a *common council*. Nevertheless, in a few cases, the ancient organization persists, though in a dwindled state. Boston remained, up to 1821, a *town*, governed by a general assembly of the citizens; and the actual charter of the city authorizes the calling of a *town-meeting* whenever the mayor and aldermen may see fit; although, as a matter of fact, they have never done so. In New Haven, Connecticut also, the old-fashioned town-meeting subsists, side by side with the common council established in 1784.

The institution of marriage in like manner affords many traces of antiquated forms, like rape, purchase and union by common consent, as almost any treatise on sociology or ethnography will abundantly show.

v.

Now the belief of many, perhaps of most, men is that regression retraces the steps of progressive evolution, and the etymology of the word seems to give color to such a belief. Our authors, however, take quite a different view, and support their position by innumerable facts, drawn alike from the animal and vegetable worlds, and from the example of human institutions.

No single known fact of plant-life supports the popular notion; and if it be true among animals that in some cases

of individual and even of specific atrophy the more recent structures are the first to degenerate, this only proves that their comparative instability gives them less power of resisting the force of decay. It will not do, however, from the facts before us, to allow the law of inverse regression quite the absolute and universal force which has been attributed to it. In the first place, it is a very rare thing, in biology, for an apparatus of a certain degree of complexity entirely to lose its proper functions. It is almost sure to preserve one or another of them. The leaves of phænogamous plants, for example, even when these are parasitic or saprophytic, continue to protect the buds. The degeneration in this case does not attack the part which exercises the essential function. It seems probable, therefore, that the original function of the leaves was assimilative and not protective; and hence, in parasites and saprophytes, it is the later function which survives the earlier.

When an organ becomes useless, as, for instance, the eye in deep-sea crustaceans, the important thing for the organism is, that, somehow or other, it should disappear. Hence any individual variation which tends to such disappearance is an advantage to the organism, and may become permanent by means of natural selection. But it does not necessarily follow that the variations which end in disappearance will proceed in precisely inverse order to those of formation. So far as we know, variability does follow fixed rules and forms. And, in any case, even when the more recent forms are the first to disappear, it cannot be said that regression reproduces, inversely, the different phases of progressive evolution. In the latter, there are temporary stages, with corresponding organs, doomed, in the sequel, to complete destruction. For regression to be the exact reverse of this process, not only would the persistent parts have to disappear in inverse order to that of their formation, but the vanished parts would have to

be reproduced, merely that they might disappear anew.

Passing now into the realm of sociology, we find that, in some cases, the later institutions are the first to disappear, while the more ancient survive for a long time; but that in other cases, precisely the opposite takes place. We know, in fact, that changes in forms of government, codes of law and the practices of religion follow, at a great distance, but never precede the transformations which take place in the economic, domestic and moral order. Tarde says that imitation proceeds from within outward; that is to say, aims and sentiments are imitated earlier than means employed, or modes of expression. Hence the latter—that is to say, customs, formulated laws, religious ceremonies—come later than the fundamental changes to which they correspond. And yet, in cases of regressive evolution, it is assuredly not these which are the first to disappear. Titles and coats of arms survive nobility. Houses were considered movable long after the disorganization of those nomad tribes who so conceived of them in law because they dwelt in tents. Finally nations which have once practised tribal marriage preserve the same nomenclature after the disappearance of the clan system which gave rise to the custom.

VI.

What all are agreed about is the *irreversibility* (pardon the ugly word, which can only be replaced by a yet uglier circumlocution) of regressive evolution. Organs and institutions which have once disappeared, or dwindled to mere traces, cannot reappear, or be developed anew. And yet, even to this law, there are more exceptions than our authors appear to suppose. Pathology and atavism afford instances every day. In our garden geraniums, flower-organs occasionally reappear which had been lost for many generations. It is not extremely rare to see reproduced in the horse the toes

which had disappeared in the course of evolution from the equine Adam. And so in the field of social institutions, the customs of the Greco-Roman world will occasionally crop up. In the feudal Rome of the fourteenth century, Cola di Rienzo, senator and tribune of the people, succeeded in restoring for a number of years the ancient republican polity; and the great scientific schools of antiquity reappeared at the Renaissance. So, too, in the great French Revolution, we find Hérault de Séchelle reproducing the text of the laws of Minos, while consuls, tribunes and senate all revive in the constitution of the year VIII. During the first years of the Empire, Napoleon, in imitation of Augustus, affected to respect republican institutions, but his own image appeared upon his coinage along with that of the republic. Within a year, the Olympic games, which were suppressed in 1525, have reappeared in Greece. Nor are these reminiscences of the past any mere passing fad or superficial imitation; but rather the resuscitated shades of dead institutions incapable of supporting life under wholly altered circumstances. Modern emperors and consuls of the year VIII. are no more the imperatores of ancient Rome, and modern religious organizations are but the phantasms of mediæval corporations.

The only conclusion to be drawn from these various facts is that regression—contrary to its etymological significance—does not consist in a return to the primitive state.

The point at which the otherwise masterly work of our three authors appears to me weakest is where, after summing up an enormous number of observed facts, they undertake to assign a common cause, and embrace in one large and luminous synthesis a mass of distinct and dissimilar accidents. It is too much to expect that, in any one mind, or any three engaged in the same task, the synthetic power should equal the analytic ability. In the words of the Edda, "God does not give all to all."

When it comes to an inquiry into the causes of regressive evolution, our three allies reduce them, too summarily, to one; and, in the realm of thought, as in that of sentiment, summary measures are an indication of weakness rather than of the strength which they counterfeit. For them the one efficient cause of regressive evolution is *limitation of the means of subsistence*; that is, of aliment in the case of the organism, and of capital and the forces of labor in that of society.

But such a conclusion is excessively violent and deals a blow, rather savage than valiant, at the infinitely multiform laws of nature. It would be easier and much more logical to explain regressive evolution by the Darwinian hypothesis, which, in its largest and boldest assumptions, is always near the truth, if not exactly identical with it.

If an organ, whether of plant or animal, becomes atrophied, or a social institution crumbles and dissolves, like a lump of sugar in a glass of water, it is because other organs, and consequently other functions, are developing at the expense of the declining ones; because the wings grow as the legs weaken, and hopping is one thing, and flying another. Progress is the acquisition of new possibilities, the perfecting of a single process by subdividing it into many.

It is certain that an organ becomes atrophied through scant nutrition; and very certain that capital and labor are withdrawn from a declining enterprise; but the diet which was imposed by the nervous system of the organism, animal, vegetable or political, is merely the material or mechanical instrument of its decease.

It is indeed the halter or the blade of the guillotine which deprives the condemned assassin of life; but from the rope and the knife we have to ascend to the sentence and the judge, and hence to the society which has legitimized and sanctioned the condemnation.

Every organ has its own individual

life, as the myriads of cells which compose it have their life also; but all the organs are collected in that grand federative unity of the organism presided over by the nervous system; and this unity is confirmed by so wonderful a consensus of influences and energies as to have given rise, in the minds of certain eminent naturalists, to the absurd hypothesis of a vegetative and animal soul, governing the life of plants and animals.

But an absurd hypothesis is but a cutat one of those many Gordian knots which human impatience is always in a hurry to sever, because it lacks the time and capacity to untie them. And yet, after Darwin, after Hückel, after Hartmann, and all the kindred theories of evolutionism, we are bound to confess that we have but lifted the hem of that great fabric of life which is continuous throughout the ages, and that the deeper mysteries of the laws which govern progress and regress remain forever concealed. We can only hope that our descendants may not wholly spurn the bequest of great ignorance which we shall leave them.

The distinguished work of our three learned Belgians is, however, one step forward in the interpretation of the facts of regressive evolution; and the mere assemblage in a single book of such a multitude of instances, drawn from the animal and vegetable world, and from the annals of human societies, is a good and important thing.

We have been assisting, for several years, at a continuous convergence of different sciences which appear, at first sight, so remote and alien as to have no analogy, either in their line of movement or their subject matter. If recent changes had been attended by no other advantage, they would have signalled by this alone a new era in human progress. Physics and chemistry have taught us the eternity of matter and the impossibility of a vacuum; while philosophy, supported by observation and experience, has demonstrated the same sort of continuity in cosmic forms and

forces as in matter; so that now, if we speak of societies as organisms, and of both as aggregations of cells; if, in fine, we borrow the terms in which we express social phenomena from the laboratory of the chemist, the physicist or the physiologist, it is not through poverty of language, or a taste for whimsical metaphor, but because in nature all things are contiguous, and there is no such thing as an isolated and independent fact. That elective affinity which draws potassium to oxygen, and hydrogen to chlorine, with such éclat of light and of heat, obeys the self-same law that inspires the cell Adam with rapture and song, and imparts its attraction to the cell Eve; and there is no gulf intervening between the physical and the moral world.

SENATOR PAOLO MANTEGAZZA.
Translated for *The Living Age*.

From Good Words.
THE MOST MISERABLE PEASANTRY IN
EUROPE.

Of the many strange episodes this century of ours has witnessed, the strangest, perhaps, and most pitiable is one that occurred a few years ago in Austrian Poland. In that part of the world distress is chronic; the peasants pass their lives fighting against poverty, the grim wolf hovering well within sight the while. There are always more mouths to be fed than there is food wherewith to feed them, and there are a dozen pair of feet at least for every pair of shoes. At the time in question, too, it chanced that, owing to the partial failure of the crops, the general misery was greater even than usual. Yet, oddly enough, far from there being any signs of depression about these people, there was a hopefulness in their eyes that had never been there before. Instead of slouching along in their old dull, listless fashion, they went about their business quite briskly, as men with important affairs on hand. They would pass the wine-

shop door without giving it even a glance; they could hardly find time, indeed, in which to greet a friend. Then they were much more reserved than usual; they talked less, and seemed to think more. These were significant signs; evidently something had occurred to disturb the even tenor of their existence; but what it was the world—the official world, at any rate—neither knew nor cared. Meanwhile certain traders, Jews for the most part, were making their way from village to village, holding secret counsel with the peasants; and wherever they went a kind of smouldering excitement seemed to take possession of the people—their eyes waxed brighter and brighter, their voices more shrill, and a feverish flush came into their thin, wan faces.

At length a sort of exodus began. From numbers of Galician villages there went forth, as if moved by some common impulse, a little company—two or three men from one place, half-a-dozen men and women, perhaps, from another—taking with them all their worldly goods; the worldly goods, too, as often as not, of their relatives, of their mothers and fathers, wives and children, who were, it was said, to follow them before long. Never were there such gladsome emigrants as these, emigrants so sure that they were on their way to fortune, leaving all their troubles behind them. Even when saying good-bye to their old homes, there was a joyful ring in their voices, and their eyes quite danced with delight at any chance mention of the land to which they were going.

Concerning this land the wildest rumors were afloat throughout the province. It was a perfect heaven-on-earth, of course, all flowing with milk and honey; and golden nuggets were there just as plentiful as blackberries. And its ruler was—the peasants lowered their voices as they said it, and gave mysterious glances around—their own crown prince, that Rudolf who had come among them years before to hunt and shoot, and who, with his gentle, kindly ways, had won their hearts completely. Those Vienna folk had de-

ceived them, had sent them word that he was dead, and the nobles of their own land had joined in the lie, swearing even that they had seen him buried. And all the while he was a prisoner in the hands of the rich, who were jealous of his love for the poor. The nobles had risen against him, it seems, and would have none of him for a kaiser, for they knew he was bent on giving a homestead on his coronation-day to every peasant. But he had made his escape now, and was living in this beautiful land, where there was neither noble nor peasant, and all men were as brothers. And there he was waiting for his much-loved Galicians to join him. Those wandering traders were his messengers, whom he had sent to summon them to their new homes. Well might their hearts beat high! Was there ever such luck as theirs?

The prince's messengers were skilful organizers, well versed in the art of evading the law; and they had their *protégés* well beyond the frontier before ever the Galician government heard a word of the expedition. Then there was consternation in official quarters, and sharp reprimands were sent from Vienna to Lemberg. But it was too late; there was nothing to be done; the less said, therefore, about the business the better, the authorities decided.

Month after month passed by without even a word from the pioneer band of emigrants; and those whom they had left behind, waxing indignant, took to railing against them, to accusing them of selfishness, of forgetting in their own prosperity the misery of their relatives. For that they were in prosperity there was never a doubt among the peasants. At length, however, the time came when the truth could no longer be concealed. Sinister rumors were spread abroad; a stranger, when told that the crown prince was alive, laughed aloud, and declared that he had seen him lying dead in the Kapuciner Kirche. "Credulous fools," he called the emigrants, and "knaves who deserved to be hanged, drawn and quartered," the wandering traders. The excitement in the province was intense; and the tale had to be

told—it was quite grotesque in its ghastliness. Those ill-fated emigrants had been tricked and cheated, it seems; had been inveigled away from their homes by scoundrels who, after robbing them of all they possessed, and treating them with incredible cruelty, had handed them over, helpless as sheep, to some Brazilian planters, for whom they must work as slaves, or starve.

This incident is characteristic alike of the state of things in Galicia and of the people who dwell there. Nowhere else in Europe, surely, could such an incident have occurred in these latter days. There is quite a mediaeval ring about it, as about everything else in that part of the world; for things seem to have come to a standstill there just about the time when our Plantagenets were reigning.

Galician villages, if viewed from a distance, are singularly picturesque in appearance. The cottages and huts are built in the most irregular fashion, in little groups around the church, against which they seem to nestle as if for protection. Many of them are covered with lichens and all kinds of creepers, and have gardens around them aglow with bright colors. Beyond the gardens are fruit orchards; while dotted about just here and there are great oak-trees that must have stood for generations. Then quite close at hand, only a good stone's-throw away, is the manor-house, always a delightful abode, with long, low verandas and beautiful gardens laid out in the French style—tiny fountains and quaint, stiff flower-beds. Some of these hamlets, indeed, are quite ideal in their beauty; there is such a restfulness and peace about them, too, that travellers who pass through them in haste are apt to envy those who dwell there, and to think that their lines are cast in quite unusually pleasant places. They speedily change their opinion, though, if tempted to make halt there, even though it be but for an hour. For then they discover that most of these charming, lichen-bedecked cottages are little better than ruins, and that it is only by means of props and stakes that they are prevented from falling to the ground. A door that will open and shut is quite

a rarity in a Galician hamlet, and so is a window with an unbroken pane of glass. On every side there is dust, dirt and rubbish; on every side, too, there are signs of misery and poverty.

Some thirty-five out of every thousand of these Galician peasants die in the course of a year; and the wonder is, one feels while wandering about among them, not that so many should die, but rather that so many should live. Their cottages are for the most part one-storied and one-roomed; no matter how large a family a peasant may have, they all—father, mother, sons and daughters, and daughters-in-law, with their children, too, sometimes—live, eat and sleep in the same apartment. Nor is it only human beings who dwell there; it must also serve as a shelter for the more delicate of the live stock—the calves, lambs and little pigs. The cocks and hens, too, and the geese are housed there, and the year's supply of potatoes and cabbages. The furniture consists of a table, a few rickety chairs or settees, and one bed which is reserved for the head of the family, unless, indeed, there chance to be an invalid who claims it. The young people generally sleep on the ground, with a little straw, perhaps, under their heads, and in the clothes they wear in the day. During the winter months, however, a curious sight is to be seen in some of the cottages—two or three heads sticking out of the great stone oven. For, if the weather be very severe, some of the women creep into the oven when night comes on for the sake of the warmth, their supply of clothes being but scanty. There is many and many a family in the province of which the whole united wardrobe would not sell for five shillings; the things they wear, indeed, as often as not, are merely rags. It is not a very unusual thing there for a peasant, his wife, sons and daughters to have one sheepskin coat and one pair of snow-shoes among them, and to wear them by turns. The majority of the children never go to school during the winter months, as they have no shoes in which to go, and would certainly lose their toes if they went barefoot.

These people are as badly fed as they are housed and clothed. 'Beef and mutton they regard as luxuries far beyond their reach: "If the peasants ate meat there would be none for their lords" is a proverb among them. They think themselves in luck, indeed, if on Christmas Day and at Easter, at weddings and funerals, they are able to regale themselves with little pork. In some villages it is the custom, on these festive occasions, for all the people to club together and buy a pig; then each cottage has its portion of pork allotted to it. For the rest of the year they live on coarse bread smeared with lard, potatoes, cabbages and turnips; and even of this rough fare they have rarely as much as they can eat. Only a few months ago, it was stated in the Reichsrath that in Galicia no less than fifty thousand persons die of starvation in the course of a year, and that out of a population of about six millions! More than one-half of the conscripts levied there have to be sent back to their homes, as, owing to insufficient nourishment, they are too feeble and undersized to bear the strain of military life.

Although the Galicians have been living in poverty for generations, they are probably poorer now than ever before, incomparably poorer than in the days when they were serfs. As they have no money wherewith to buy manure, their land is becoming less fertile from year to year—already its productivity per acre is to the productivity per acre of England as 4 to 37; and, owing to the divisions and subdivisions entailed by the law of inheritance, their holdings are becoming smaller and smaller. At the present time the average size of a holding is under four jochs; and, on eighty per cent. of these holdings, the net annual profits do not amount to more than twenty gulden—£1 13s. 4d. And this although every sheep, pig and fowl that is raised there is sold, and every pound of butter or cheese. To think of working early and late for a whole year for the sake of twenty gulden! The peasants, it is true, are often able to eke out their incomes by earning a trifle on the

manor-farm, but it is only a trifle, some twopence in winter, and perhaps one shilling in summer. Some few of them are beginning, however, to make their way, when the winter comes round, to the factories that are now springing up. There they may earn two shillings a day if their labor be skilled, and from sixpence to ninepence if it be unskilled. And these they look upon as quite munificent wages. Even with these additions to their means, however, the chances are that they will be forced sooner or later to have recourse to the money-lender, and then their fate is sealed. Before long they will either be driven forth from their holdings or compelled to work them for him, practically as his serfs. Holdings have been seized and sold for a debt of five shillings.

The painful impression produced in Galicia by the poverty of the peasants is rendered the more intense in some districts by the glaring contrast in which it stands to the wealth of the nobles. The great land-owners there are as a rule most lavish in their expenditure; their houses are organized on the most luxurious scale, and their horses and carriages are quite magnificent. Their extravagance is indeed proverbial, and, debt-beridden though many of them be, they scatter money abroad with both hands when their own pleasures are in question. The great majority of them, however, would as soon think of flying as of giving a helping hand to the men and women around them, even though they be dying of starvation at their very gates. In no country in all Europe is there so little sympathy between the land-owning class and the peasants as in Galicia—such a lack of any feeling of responsibility on the one side, or of loyalty on the other. This is owing in some degree, no doubt, to the fact that, whereas the nobles are without exception Poles, the majority of the peasants are Ruthenians by descent, and to a Pole a Ruthenian is always a pariah. The Poles are, of course, the dominant race, and since autonomy was granted to the province all power has been in their

hands. They assess the taxes, collect them and spend the money they yield; they make the laws and administer them: in the law courts, indeed, as often as not, they act at once as judge, jury, witness and prosecutor or defendant. This being the case, they would be more than human, perhaps, did they always mete out strict justice to their opponents. Certainly some of the arrangements for which they are responsible appear to Western eyes to be quite startlingly "one-sided." For instance: It is the peasants who pay the pastor's stipend and keep his house in repair, but it is the lord of the manor who appoints him. It is they who build the schools, where there are schools, and defray all the cost of education; but it is he who chooses the teachers, who retains or dismisses them at will, and who decides what they shall teach and what leave untaught. It is they, too, who make the roads, although the only vehicles that pass over them are his. Soldiers are billeted for the month together in cottages, but they never cross the threshold of the manor-house; and when they are in need of horses and forage, it is the land-workers, not the land-owners, who must supply them. The nobles may hunt and shoot the whole day long, if they choose, over the peasants' holdings; but woe betide a peasant who is found in his lord's forest without permission! He is straightway flogged as a poacher. Then a one-roomed hut pays almost as much house-duty as a mansion, and small farms are far more heavily taxed per acre than great estates. In Galicia the incidence of the land tax is indeed quite absurd in its unfairness, and that owing, in part at least, to one of those blunders which occur so often in that part of the world. The officials appointed to assess the tax when it was first imposed underestimated the land held by the nobles to the amount of three million gulden; and, when they discovered their error, in order to conceal it, they calmly added that sum to their valuation of the peasants' holdings. A commission is now sitting for the purpose of revising this valuation; but as it consists of fifteen

nobles and three peasants, it is not probable that it will do much towards relieving small holdings at the expense of great estates.

Some curious proofs of the way in which the Galician nobles abuse their power were afforded by the last Landtag elections. In some districts, where they knew the peasants were going to vote against the official candidates, they stationed troops before the voting-booths to drive them away at the point of the sword, and prevent their voting at all. In others they allowed them to vote, but took care that their votes were burnt uncounted. In one village, when the peasants presented themselves at the parish-room, although they were punctual to the minute, they found that the election had already been held, and with closed doors! In several places their chief men were quietly arrested while on their way to vote, and thrown into prison. Devices of all sorts were resorted to, in fact, to prevent these people from using the votes the Austrian government had given to them. The Reichsrath elections last spring were conducted on much the same lines.

It seems almost incredible that men should submit, in this our day, to the sort of treatment that is dealt out to the Galician peasantry. But the ignorance of these people, it must be remembered, is surpassed only by their credulity and their superstition. They know no more than their sheep do of nineteenth-century ways or of nineteenth-century civilization. They are, too, by nature patient and long-suffering. English workmen would stand aghast could they hear them talk; for although they have been freemen now for nearly half a century, they still talk as serfs, and what virtues and what vices they have are the virtues and vices of serfs. That their master should give them a flick with his whip as he passes, is in their eyes the most natural thing in the world; nay, they will even turn and kiss the hand that strikes them. The majority of them are firmly convinced that there are on this earth two distinct orders of human beings, nobles and peasants; and that, for the time being,

the very *raison d'être* of the latter is to serve the former. And serve him they must, therefore, whether they wish it or not, for such is the decree of the fates. All the good things of this life, too—beautiful houses, warm clothes, rich food—they look upon as the special property of the nobles: it is only upon the scraps and odds-and-ends that they advance any claims for themselves. Not that they approve of this arrangement; on the contrary, they regard it as being woefully unjust; for, although until within quite recent days it has rarely ever occurred to them to resist the tyranny or resent the insolence of their masters, they have never a doubt in their own minds but that these masters, who are Roman Catholics, are morally worse and less deserving than they themselves, who are many of them Anabaptists. It is by foul means, not by fair, they are sure, that their oppressors have obtained possession of the land, and with it of all that makes life worth living. Perhaps this is why, whenever they have risen up against them—as in 1846—they have smitten them hip and thigh, ruthlessly, with blind fury. It is an article of faith among them, indeed, that when the day of their deliverance comes—and prophets have now arisen who are preaching that it is near at hand—no quarter must be shown to the nobles, as they are in league with the devil.

EDITH SELLERS.

SKETCHES.¹

BY PAUL BOURGET.

II.

THE ADVERSARY.

Translated for *The Living Age* by William Marchant.

PART II.

At five o'clock the first rays of daylight saw us défile on horseback in the direction of Bethlehem, the dragoman leading, with his servant George, then Alfred Vincent and myself, and lastly, two Bedouins who served us as escort.

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A bargain is made with the nomad tribes who infest this edge of the desert. A hundred piastres—that is to say, twenty francs—a day, is paid for the close companionship of one or two of their representatives. This moderate sum is a sort of premium of insurance against brigandage which is respected even by the most perfidious of the sheiks.

"All we have to take care of now," said Vincent, laughing, "is not to be shot by Europeans; for if they don't take us for bandits it will be because they are very good-natured."

In fact, we had, all six of us, a rascally air of highwaymen—our two Bedouins with head coverings of dark cloth, an *aghāl* of camels' hair about the forehead, their striped cloaks, their saddles adorned with metal and fringes of ravelled silk, their horses' harness set with bits of colored glass, and the solemnity of the desert ennobling the swarthy faces in which glittered their white teeth and blazed their black eyes; the dragoman, Vincent and myself, our heads wrapped in vast *cuffs* of raw silk, and our European garments hidden by floating *abbas* of white wool; finally, George, the servant, arrayed, to do us honor, in a costume brought from Persia, a blue jacket embroidered with silver and full trousers of the same shade. Shoes with elastic sides, sordidly trodden down at the heel, alone prevented him from resembling a prince of the Arabian Nights. He was a little fellow, all nerve and muscle, and a capital shot. As soon as we were in the open country, he leaped from his horse, giving the bridle to a Bedouin, and, gun in hand—an old rifle with percussion caps and a ramrod—he began running along the edge of the clumps of trees and the masses of rocks which alternately bordered the road, putting up larks, pigeons and quails. The little man rapidly brought his old weapon to his shoulder, a discharge followed, the bird fell. Wherever it fell, in the oats, in the bottom of a ravine, under a thick growth of bushes, he rushed to pick it up, with the certainty of a hunting-dog following a scent, and came back most

politely bringing his spoils to the dragoman, who bestowed it in his *courte* as material for future repasts.

"This so nice!"

Such was the exclamation with which the picturesque George accompanied each gift to the dragoman. "Nice" was the one epithet in his European vocabulary, and it assumed, in his remarks, a great variety of meanings. I saw him, at a turn in the path, shaking a little black dirt in the hollow of his hand, then smelling of it with eagerness, and I heard him say:—

"This so nice! *Gazal!*"

He had distinguished the fine, musky odor of the gazelle. Another time, when we had crossed a band enlisted by Thomas Cook and Son, and he saw me looking back at these tourists, he cried out, to turn me from the spectacle, very mediocre, in his opinion:—

"That—not nice! That—horsemen?" and he threw back his head with the motion that in the East indicates a negative. "That—horsemen? No—camels." And the word took, in the mouth of this primitive Christian, a singular eloquence when, in the Grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem, he knelt before the altar with the fervor of a child, and said to me, pointing to a statue of the Virgin: "That—very nice! —my mother!"

It was really so touching, this cry of simple faith, uttered under the careless eyes of the Turkish soldiers who guard that sacred spot, that I forgot the shameful spectacle of the war of creeds which raged under this vault where Saint Jerome prayed, and now, Franciscans, Armenians, Kopts and Russians wrangle, in their miserable rivalry. It is contrasts like these which render a horseback journey in Syria and Palestine so absorbing, so fruitful in ever new impressions, and one comes to live in the day, the hour, the moment as it passes. You no longer think of that which was absorbing anguish to you a month, a week, twenty-four hours ago. Thus the name of Mr. Robert Marshall—that newcomer on whose account my companion had left Jerusalem, and had made me leave it, with

such nervous haste—was not mentioned between us after the first morning. Once more himself, Vincent had by degrees, and quite naturally, resumed that gentle scepticism which I hardly liked, perhaps because I fall into it so readily myself. But that also I forgot as we advanced into the immense grey plains which separate Bethlehem from Mâr-Saba, and, above all, in the presence of that vision of a dream, the monastery—a low, small feudal structure, with two towers, hung above the chasm where flows the Kedron in the most savage and tropical of landscapes. A drawbridge defends the entrance, crenellated as in mediæval times. Across the gratings of the chapels may be seen crypts full of skulls, remains of thousands of monks massacred here by Chosroes. Other monks—living monks these are—with braided hair and patriarchal beards, who might have belonged in the Golden Legend, conduct you into grottoes which were the cells of one saint or another, sixteen hundred years ago. The altar, the bed, the table, are there, hewn out of the solid rock. From the terraces you behold a level sheet of water, the Dead Sea—a metallic blue, an unnatural blue, under the sky almost white with the noonday heat. Beyond is the violet line of the mountains of Moab—and the desert!

We were three days in reaching Jericho, or rather, the cluster of trees surrounded by four ruinous earth walls, which bears that name. We arrived there one evening which had the smothering heat of noonday. From the moment when we found ourselves in this plain of Lake Asphaltites, which is nearly a thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, we began to feel that physical oppression in which the lungs seek air which seems to be always denied them. The enervating Khamsin, the wind that brings with its hot breath a mortal dryness derived from the burning sands of Arabia, increased our discomfort. We were, therefore, sufficiently exhausted already—Vincent and myself—when, about six o'clock, our dragoman pointed out

to us, in the distance, our camp, already pitched, and said:—

"There are six tents instead of three. Some other traveller has established himself there beside us."

This discovery made by the excellent Joseph was by no means calculated to enliven us. The forced companionship that such a neighborhood involves is often far from agreeable at the close of the long day's journey, when one has need of absolute repose and silence. But the prospect of this annoyance was not the ground of the extreme anxiety into which I was thrown by what Vincent at once said, answering in a way to my own secret thought:—

"What if these were the tents of Mr. Robert Marshall?"

"How absurd!" I said, with a shrug.

"But what if they were?" my companion insisted; "what should you say then?"

"I should say that this Englishman was an ardent sportsman, which I knew before, and that he also has designs on the partridges and thrushes of the desert, and probably also the *cinniris osea*."

The latter very rare bird had been mentioned to me by Vincent himself, but I could not get a smile from him by the reference. He shook his head and remarked seriously:—

"Well, I think what I should do would be to return to Jerusalem to-night."

I made no attempt to argue the point. These imaginative anxieties are so contagious that this one of his extended to me, in spite of myself. For fifteen minutes we went on silently; not a sound was heard but the trampling of our horses' hoofs as they crushed the turfy clods. We kept our eyes fixed upon the tents, whose white mass became more distinct as we approached. Then we saw a horseman ride out from the camp and come rapidly towards us. His draperies floated in the wind, but he was no Arab. We discerned this at once by the measured gallop at which he rode, not at all resembling the furious fantasia of the Bedouins. I used my field-glass, hoping to distinguish the features of the man, but I was unsuc-

cessful. I passed the glass to my companion, whose eyes had longer range than mine. After a few minutes I observed that his hand was unsteady. His face grew very sombre and he returned the glass, saying only: "It is he." My heart beat violently, although really the theory of a shooting trip made the appearance of Marshall not at all difficult to account for.

"It isn't so!" I said, and took the glass to use it again. But I knew, past all doubt, that my companion had not been mistaken. And now I, too, recognized distinctly the square shoulders of my English neighbor at the table d'hôte. It was indeed he—the bronzed yet ruddy face, the tawny hair, the light eyes. But the aspect of this bold rider, now that he was quite near, and advancing impetuously, was so manly and martial and so cordial, that I should have been ashamed to share, even for a moment, the nervousness of my companion. I said to him with that half-severity of tone which is such a comfort both to the man who uses it and him to whom it is used:—

"You are not going to attach a tragic importance to this accidental meeting, or attempt to return to Jerusalem—as you just now said? You need repose, and to pass the night on horseback would probably make you ill."

"You are right," Vincent replied, after a moment's silence. "It is childish folly. I will stay."

And I perceived that he also was a little ashamed of having shown himself so feeble. At this moment the Englishman came up with us; he made a gesture of salutation, and called out, his voice more musical than ever:—

"Welcome to Jericho, gentlemen! I learned your names from your *moukres*, and I come to ask that you will do me the honor to dine with me. I have been here two days, and I have shot two *heyis* partridges. You must not leave this plain of the Dead Sea without tasting this bird. It is absolutely peculiar to the place."

What answer could be made to an invitation thus phrased? And why not shake off the phantasmagoria of black

thoughts in the presence of this cordial and simple welcome? Accordingly I was not surprised to hear my companion, to whom I turned, leaving the answer to him, respond with an acceptance. And it was evident that he continued trying to get the better of his nerves, for, instead of being silent, as he had been at the table d'hôte the night of Mr. Robert Marshall's arrival, he joined with vivacity in the conversation. The Englishman questioned us about Mar-Sâba, where he proposed to sleep the following night. We asked him about the Jordan, where he had bathed that very day. He amused us much, relating what his guide had said. This man, a Maronite, like our dragoon and George, his servant, had plunged into the river in company with the English traveller; and, coming out of the water, had said to him: "You and I, brothers now—good *baksheesh*!"

We laughed so much over this entirely novel variety in the vast genus of invitations to tip, that, as we rode into the camp we seemed much more like three old friends than like three comrades thrown together by chance, who, a week earlier, had never seen each other, and, a week later, would have parted never to meet again.

"Well," I said to Vincent when he and I were alone with each other, each seated at his tent-door, "you don't propose to go back to Jerusalem tonight?"

"I don't think that is very generous of you," he said; "you forget the *heyis* partridge."

His tone had been so natural, that I was absolutely stupefied when, twenty minutes later, as I was finishing my toilette, he lifted the portière of my tent, his face clouded with anxiety, and said, without any preparation:—

"Well, I am not going to dine with Marshall. I will not. I don't care what you think of me. I can't."

"What has happened?" I said. "You were so calm just now."

"I was desirous to be calm," he said, "but I was not so. Or if I was, I am not now. And that's enough. There is something in me, at this moment, which

forbids me to have anything more to do with that man. Let us suppose that it is an association of ideas, a recollection of Lucian and the others. But there is a something; and I am not obliged to contend against it, am I?"

"But you accepted the invitation. What am I to tell him?"

"Tell him I am ill with fatigue. I will eat some sweetmeats in my own tent, and that shall be my dinner. To be in his neighborhood would have taken my appetite away. *Again I have been warned.* No. I will not go. Upon my honor, I won't go."

He went out repeating these words, and mastered by so evident an excitement that I made no attempt to contend with what seemed to me a perfectly well-marked and most curious mania. Besides, an unexpected incident occurred directly after, which would have prevented any such attempt, even if I had intended to make it. Vincent had not been gone five minutes when Joseph appeared, and George. At sight of their downcast faces I suspected something was wrong, and made inquiry.

"*La! la!*" said the dragoman, clicking his tongue, and solemnly shaking his tarbousched head; and George in his Persian togs repeated "*La! la!*" as if he had understood my question. Then, with that air of passive endurance in misfortune which is one of the characteristics of the people of their country, the dragoman continued:—

"George has just overheard our Bedouins talking with the other Bedouins. It seems that the English traveller refuses the baksheesh."

"What baksheesh?" I asked.

"The baksheesh we paid our two men to be protected against the sheikh of this region. The sheikh is displeased with the Englishman, and has given him forty-eight hours to change his mind. It is now the forty-seventh hour—"

"And then?"

"And then? It would be wiser to pay him," remarked Joseph philosophically; and he added, "We have nothing to fear. The sheikh never breaks his word; but if your Excellency would speak to the

English Excellency, it would be better—"

"You don't think they would dare to attack him to-night," I rejoined sharply; "and I don't suppose you would remain indifferent, any more than I should, if Mr. Marshall was in danger?"

"*La! la!*" responded Joseph. "The sheikh is powerful, and your Excellency will not be here after to-morrow. It would be better that the English Excellency should pay—"

I was conscious that the two men knew a good deal more than they had told me. But, within the last few weeks, I had associated with too many Orientals to undertake to make these men say what they were not inclined to say. From the moment that our safety appeared vouches for, thanks to the payment of baksheesh that we had made, it seemed that our neighbor's danger could not be immediate. Joseph's mysterious confidence signified, no doubt, that the Bedouins would defer their attack upon the refractory tourist until we were gone. But it was better to warn him, at any rate, and I went immediately to Mr. Marshall's tents. He awaited me in the dining-room tent, where the table was already spread, as the custom is, with such a profusion of flowers that the poverty of the table service was not to be noticed. The bottles of dry champagne lifted their necks out of a bucket filled, for lack of ice, with water drawn from a neighboring cistern. Three camp-stools were placed at three plates. I began, naturally, by excusing my comrade.

"Is he feverish?" asked the Englishman. "I am something of a doctor myself, and perhaps I might give him some relief."

I said no, he only needed rest, and then I went on to say that I had something quite serious to tell him; and I related Joseph's story, but no sooner had the sturdy fellow heard of the threats of the Bedouin sheikh than he began to laugh.

"I!" he exclaimed, "I, an English gentleman, pay to these rascals this tax on cowardice! Never! never in the world will I do it! If they wish to at-

tack me, here I am." He made the gesture of taking down the guns that hung inside the tent. "And I have my man Bridger here." He indicated his servant, a smooth-faced bull-dog of a fellow, who just then came in with a covered soup-tureen in his two hands; and he added, speaking English: "It appears these Bedouins propose to attack us because we refuse to give them their baksheesh. We shall answer with powder and shot. What do you say, Bridger?"

"All right, sir," rejoined the man, phlegmatically, and he asked: "Shall I go and announce dinner to the third gentleman?"

"No," I said, "but let his plate stand; he may come in a few minutes."

We sat down at table, Mr. Marshall and I, and began our dinner—he, with the jovial carelessness of a man who has hunted the tiger in Bengal, the lion in Africa, the white bear in the Arctic circle, who has risked his life in every latitude, and for whom the prospect of firing a few bullets at a few Arabs is merely diverting; I, with the firm resolution of a guest who designs to protect his host from a dangerous folly. For such it was to refuse persistently the payment of a tax which was in fact preservative in its nature. Brigandage, thus regulated, may be considered a kind of police. Knowing what importance the Anglo-Saxon race attach to the civic idea, I reckoned upon this argument of solidarity to convince my wrong-headed host, insisting upon the danger that a refusal like his might bring upon other tourists, in case the Bedouins should propose to make an example.

"But it's just the other way," he said; "I expect to tell it openly in Jerusalem that I have visited Jericho without escort, and as nothing will have happened to me, another Englishman will do the same, and after him, another, and when the Bedouins thus see that nobody is alarmed by their threats, they will cease threatening. It is a disgrace that civilized men should pay tribute to savages."

In his way of saying "an English-

man," several times I had felt the thrill of that British pride which has always been irritating to us Frenchmen, and I was about to answer rather sharply, when the report of a gun, followed by a horse's scream, quite near our tent, made us both start.

"They have shot one of the horses," cried Marshall, "the wretches! They take their revenge upon animals. They dare not even take aim at a man."

But at the moment he spoke, a second report rang out. Something whistled across the table, all that we saw was that the flame of one of the candles made a curve—then there was something like a filip on the strained canvas of the tent, and a very small black-hole appeared. The second shot had been aimed at my host.

"They missed their aim," he cried, and at the same instant he blew the candles out. "Quick, Bridger, take your gun, and fire into the group of trees there at the right. The shot came from there. And with this I will guard the tent," he said to me, taking down a revolver.

The dry "All right" of the valet responded, phlegmatic as usual. Then followed many reports of a gun, fired rapidly and with the ring of a first-rate Purdy. Master and servant continued firing at a guess, rather to attest their intention of defending themselves than with any hope of hitting a Bedouin hidden among the trees. No reply was made to these shots. Meanwhile I, revolver in hand, went around outside the tent, looking carefully to see if any enemy might be creeping towards our side of the encampment. While thus employed I was called to a halt by three persons who came up, lantern in hand. These were Vincent, the dragoman Joseph and George.

"You were not injured?" Vincent asked eagerly.

"I didn't even have time to be frightened," I said. And indeed the whole thing had been too rapid to produce upon me any other effect than that of a dream. The shiver of fear that the immediate danger had not caused me, I was to feel later with an intensity so

great that I feel it now, after so many days, as I recall the scene.

"And Mr. Marshall?" Vincent said.

"Nor he, either," I rejoined. "It was he who has been firing since."

"He is wasting his powder," Joseph remarked. "The Bedouins are already far away. I know them. It is all over for to-night. But to-morrow, unless he pays, it will go hard with him."

While talking, we re-entered the tent. George had brought in his lantern and threw its light along the wall to discover the trace which the projectile must have left. He uttered an exclamation, and called us to look. We at once perceived the minute orifice which, in the strained canvas, the ball had cut like a punch. Vincent said not a word, but silently sat down on the camp-stool which had been placed for him, before his plate which still stood untouched, and with a gesture that I shall never forget, showed me that the little black hole was just behind his shoulder. Seated there twenty minutes earlier, the ball would have hit him square in the breast.

"Your guardian angel preserved you," the dragoman said, and he added, showing the Mussulman fatalism that was blent with his Christian faith; "When a man's time has not come, he cannot be killed." Vincent was deathly pale, and I have no doubt I was also. The mere passage of this bullet, at the exact place where he would have been—and because of this stranger, whom he had recognized, to use his own word—was, in a way, more terrifying, after his confidences and hesitations, than a wound or even a death would have been. For my part, I felt as if I could not endure to have Mr. Marshall even speak to my young Frenchman after this. I called Joseph, and said to him:—

"Do you know how much the sheikh demanded of the English traveller?"

"Three hundred piastres," was the reply.

"That is to say, three napoleons. Here is the money. Can you undertake to get it to the sheikh in the name of the Englishman?"

"If it is given to one of our Bedouins, it will be done."

"Suppose the Bedouin keeps the money for himself?"

"La! la!" rejoined the dragoman, as if indignant that I could suspect an Arab of treachery towards his tribe.

"And suppose he could not find the sheikh?"

"He will find him."

I counted out the money to the Maronite, and directed him to have our horses saddled at four o'clock in the morning. I advised Vincent to go to bed, and I went in search of Marshall. I discovered him returning to the tent in a very bad humor, and by the coolness of his adieu when I announced to him our intention of setting off at day-break, I have no doubt that he thought we were disposed to avoid an interchange of shots with the Arabs. But as my conscience was tranquil on this point, after having provided for his safety without his knowledge, I confess that his opinion at that time, and even now, leaves me quite indifferent, while now, as then, the idea of any second meeting between Vincent and himself makes me shiver from head to foot.

They have never met. Mr. Robert Marshall, at present writing, lives quietly in his house in Kensington, and Alfred Vincent in his apartment on the boulevard Haussmann. I admit also that there is nothing supernatural in the detail of the facts which I have related. A succession of coincidences would account for them all. And still I have never since been tempted to smile when men speak, before me, of presiments. And many years ago the greatest observer of human life proclaimed this: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

From *The Contemporary Review.*
THE SECRET OF BALDNESS.

To a man the moment that he first realizes that his head is beginning to get a trifle bald on the top is a moment

of sadness; to a woman it is a moment of positive dismay. Perhaps this is because this discovery is also a discovery that the years are passing and one is not so young as one has been; perhaps, also, it is because there is an inevitable, but quite incomprehensible, tendency to jeer at bald heads even from the days of Elijah and the wicked boys to the present year of grace, and ridicule is the very last thing a man can stand, particularly ridicule at his personal appearance; or perhaps it is chiefly because the loss of hair is an irretrievable loss to one's looks, and no man or woman, however good-looking or however plain he or she may be, lacks that spice of vanity which prevents him or her viewing with equanimity a degenerating tendency in the appearance.

However this may be, approaching baldness is always hailed with sadness. But underlying the sadness is a deep-seated conviction that baldness is one of the inevitable ills that flesh is heir to, and in the course of nature as much as age and death are. And so, although recourse may be had to pomades and "restorers" of every description and the destroyer staved off for a time, yet there is always the uncomfortable belief, particularly in the case of a man, that the relief is but temporary, and that, slowly but surely, the area of thinness will go on extending in larger and larger circles, the thinness becoming intensified from the centre outwards, until at length actual, permanent and hopeless baldness is attained to.

But though baldness has been for so many centuries looked upon as a reasonable bodily change and an ordinary incident in the course of nature, we now learn that in this case, as in so many others, the course that we have so glibly ascribed to nature is, after all, not the course she herself has laid down, and that our assumption of it was founded in pure ignorance. For the secret of baldness has been laid bare, and behold, it is the almighty microbe that is at the bottom of it all!

In these latter days of the nineteenth

century we seem to be running all phenomena back to one chief cause: all the ills that plague the flesh, all the remedies that cure those ills, all the spoiling of our food, all its savoring, all putrefaction, all purification—all alike apparently owe their existence to the ubiquitous microbe.

It is to a Frenchman—a M. Sebouraud, an ex-pupil of M. Pasteur's school, and well known for his researches on the nature and cause of ringworm—to whom we are indebted for this new light on the familiar fact of baldness. Common baldness, he asserts, is a perfectly definite malady of microbial origin, "one of the most purely microbial I have ever seen." This discovery was not made in a moment, nor lighted upon by accident, but was the result of several years' arduous and incessant study of various skin diseases. When M. Sebouraud began his researches he did not, by any means, anticipate whether he would be led, but step by step as he progressed one disease after another fell into line and showed a common origin—diseases which had not hitherto been suspected to have the least connection with one another. But each as it was studied proved to be the work of a destroying bacterium, and a comparison of the bacteria showed the surprising fact that they were all identical in kind, and the divergence in the effect resulted as the bacterial influence was weak, or strong, or modified by external conditions. And finally, at the end of the chain, when the evil influence is slight and insinuating rather than fiercely attacking, comes common baldness, no less a result of this microbe's work than the other skin diseases which are daily under the treatment of physicians. This discovery, so unexpected and unthought of, caused naturally the greatest surprise to M. Sebouraud and those to whom he mentioned it, and in fact it is still received with incredulity in certain quarters, but M. Sebouraud is confident of his conclusions, and only appeals to time and further experiment to prove his statements.

He describes this particular microbe

as a minute colorless body, pointed at both ends, and increasing in numbers by constant division into two, and since the divisions do not always immediately break off, long chains frequently form, each link in the chain being a distinct microbe. It congregates, in colonies of enormous numbers, in the upper part of the hair follicle below the epidermis, and just where the sweat-gland joins the follicle. At this point there is somewhat of an enlargement; and in this little cavity it finds a convenient habitat. But further, each colony is wrapped up into a kind of cocoon by fatty matter from the sebaceous gland; the cocoons vary in size, and are easy to obtain by squeezing the skin at the mouth of a gland. For instance, the coil of fatty matter which is ejected when a "blackhead" is forced out of the skin by pressure is simply an enormous cocoon holding within it myriads of this bacterium; indeed, it is simply appalling to think of the bacteriological flora for which our skins are the happy hunting-ground. Sometimes the cocoons have an opening—a kind of road—to their interior, at other times they are completely closed, but always do they contain a vast collection of this particular microbe. Acne is, according to M. Sebouraud, a disease induced by these same cocoons becoming very large and degenerating. This microbe of baldness has been isolated and grown as a culture on a suitable medium, when it appears as a colorless form changing later into one of brick-red hue.

The question which now remains to be answered is why the presence of this microbe should bring about such disastrous results, and in what manner it causes the falling off of the hair, seeing that it does not dwell at the root of the hair, but at some distance in the follicle above it. A hair cut off or destroyed above the root is at once replaced by growth from below, just as a plant pushes up new stems to take the place of any that may be lost, so it follows that it can only be by acting on the root that absolute and permanent baldness

can be produced. It is now shown that its method of attack is as follows: The development and growth of the microbe causes certain changes in its environment—the breaking-up, for instance, of substances around from which it obtains necessary food and energy—and the cycle of results thus brought about gives the production of a substance poisonous to the root of a hair. This toxin passes down to the root and acts as a slow poison, not killing all at once, but inducing certain characteristic symptoms; the hair becomes lighter in color until its pigment has practically disappeared, its diameter gradually lessens, it becomes brittle and dried-up, and eventually dies and falls out. The root, though weakened by the poison, sends up another hair to replace the fallen one, but the new outgrowth begins life feebler and poorer than its predecessor, so it too, only with greater speed, becomes a victim. So it goes on; each successive outgrowth starts more weakly its fight against the insinuating poison and more quickly succumbs, until a point is reached when the root can no longer make a fresh effort, for it has also fallen completely under the noxious influence and is killed. This course of events occurring, as it does, simultaneously in hundreds of adjacent hair follicles, naturally results in complete baldness.

The development of these microbes also causes other noticeable changes nearer the surface. The sebaceous glands enlarge, even becoming, it may be, ten times their natural size, and the flow of fatty matter increases proportionately. This phase of baldness—the phase when the skin is oily owing to the constant and excessive fatty exudation—is well known to all who have been unfortunate enough to go through the process of becoming bald. The hard and polished surface of the head of a thoroughly bald old man shows this increase in the size of the fatty glands in a wonderful manner, for beneath the shining transparent epidermis the glands lie like hundreds of small yel-

lowish red grains, having become large enough to be visible to the naked eye.

The manner of the spread of baldness becomes curious and interesting in the new light that is shed upon it. Just as a stone thrown into a pond gives rise to an ever-widening series of rippling circles as the influence of its impact extends through the water, a series which is ultimately only checked when the limits of the pond are reached, so the infection of the microbe extends in ever-enlarging rings, beginning at the vertex and slowly increasing the area of infection until the whole of the head has become involved, and only a fringe of hair remains of the once luxurious growth. Why it should first attack the vertex is not quite clear, for baldness caused by an acute attack of disease may be localized in any spot, but the fact remains that in all cases of gradual chronic baldness it invariably begins at the vertex (usually slightly, also, over the temples, though the vertex is the chief centre of infection). In the early days of an attack, microscopic examination shows that the small patch affected has the microbes spread pretty equally over it; but gradually they accumulate chiefly at the outer margin of the patch, and thus always pushing outward, they extend the area indefinitely in circular fashion. In any attempt at the alleviation of baldness, then, it would appear that it might be advantageous to make at once a clearing round the infected spot, as is done round the scene of a prairie fire, and, thus, by shaving off a wide margin of the hair where the microbes are shown to be located, hope to arrest the further enlargement of its area. Whether or no the attacking microbe ring would find it possible to pass over the clearing is a matter of further experiment; probably, however, it would be greatly arrested.

For some time after M. Sebouraud was fully confirmed in his own mind that he had discovered and isolated the cause of baldness, he yet found himself unable to actually prove the fact. It

was true that he could demonstrate that this particular microbe was present in every case of baldness, but that was no proof—as every logician knows, the invariable concomitant by no means implies a causal relation; the microbe, as well as the baldness, might be the effect of some remoter cause. To constitute proof he must reverse his work, and, beginning with the microbe, produce, at will, baldness by introducing it into a head of hair. Now this seems simple enough in theory, but in practice it is not so easy. A human subject will not readily lend himself to the experiment, and can hardly be blamed for excusing himself, and with animals, the usual subjects of investigation, an unexpected difficulty presents itself. The examination of the hairy skin of an animal, such as, for instance, a rabbit or a guinea-pig, shows that the bacteria indigenous to it are altogether different in species from those indigenous to the skin of a human being, and that those which thrive on the one will not, however carefully transplanted, thrive on the other. Hence it was not possible to carry the microbe suspected as the cause of baldness from a man to an animal and produce the characteristic bald patches therefrom. Quite lately, however, since the first publication of his researches, he has been able to practically prove his point, though the above difficulty necessarily remains insurmountable. He isolated the microbes, and cultivated them in a suitable nutritive liquid; after they had well developed he filtered the liquid through porcelain, and believing that, if his theories were true, the filtered liquid would contain the substance they produced poisonous to hair, he took a rabbit and inoculated it deeply under the skin with the fluid. As he hoped and anticipated, the rabbit speedily began to lose its fur, and in between five and six weeks it was completely denuded—in fact, it had become entirely bald. The same experiment has also been performed on a sheep and a guinea-pig, in each case entirely suc-

cessfully, the patches of baldness promptly appearing. The experiment is further interesting as showing something beyond the mere causal relation between this microbe and loss of hair, for it demonstrates clearly that the poison is so acute and individual that, even when inoculated into the general system of an animal, it flies at once to the hairs, and acts solely upon them.

But, though the secret of baldness has been thus laid bare, and its cause actually brought out, isolated, and examined in the searching light of day, yet M. Sebouraud does not hold out golden hopes of its prevention and cure in the future. And thus the discovery will bring scant comfort to those who are painfully conscious of the rapid approach of their enemy. It is difficult, indeed, to find much joy in the accurate scientific knowledge of the cause of an evil afflicting us when that knowledge brings no alleviation to our distress. Even for the prevention of a threatened attack M. Sebouraud can suggest nothing better than the old pharmaceutical remedies already employed by the medical profession, and later on, when the trouble has become permanent, he is still more of a Job's comforter, for then he holds out not the slightest hope of improvement. And for this reason: During the time of the gradual suppression of the hair the skin round the follicles becomes hardened; the adjacent follicles extend and meet, and the margins of their orifices fuse into a sort of vestibule or funnel. This has the effect of adding to their height—or, rather, since it is the surface which is raised, of making them seem more deeply sunk in the skin. The microbial cocoons, still resting in their old quarters—the dilatation at the junction of the sebaceous gland and the follicle—necessarily appear to be also more deeply embedded. By degrees the upper surface becomes so greatly encrusted and hardened that it is not possible for any external treatment to force a way through and reach the microbe colonies. Hence, he believes, all idea of further

medical treatment must be at an end. Even a scraping of the surface, which, in the stage of incipient baldness, always reveals abundant evidence of their presence, now brings to light nothing. Indeed, when once the skin has begun to harden, increasing harshness in the scraping is needed to obtain them, even though they may be present in myriads.

Therefore, if the mischief-making microbes are so far beyond reach that submission to their evil influence is the only course to take, the man with the maturely bald head may well feel little interest in the new revelation; but for those in the early stage of the malady, before it has become ingrained, hope must surely spring up in their hearts. The recognition of a cause is certainly a step on the way to the knowledge of the prevention of that cause, and the discovery of the cause of one of the minor worries of life, as baldness undoubtedly is, must be a help to its cure. And if it has been possible for M. Sebouraud to learn so unexpectedly the reason of baldness, may not a new investigation reveal an anti-toxin—an ideal hair restorer for the million? Anyway, we still may hope.

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
GAVARNI.

Gavarni has been compared with Balzac. The comparison is daring, but not inapt. Gavarni the artist and Balzac the novelist, each in his way, made Paris and her people his own; and the pencil of the one was as fertile and as indefatigable, as the pen of the other. Both men had an enormous power of production, and both were scrupulous sticklers for the truth of things. By critics who would not, or who could not, judge him rightly, Gavarni was sometimes dubbed a caricaturist. He took no offence, but he said quite truly that the description

did not fit him. Satirist he was, and humorist, and philosopher, and an almost unrivalled delineator of types; but in the ten thousand designs which represent his work,¹ there is perhaps not one which is properly a caricature. In the vast range and variety of his performance, again, Gavarni stands shoulder to shoulder with the author of the "Comédie Humaine." All Paris came within his ken; he swept all Paris into his portfolio. High and low, here, there and everywhere, Gavarni's pencil embraces all types: the aristocrat, the *bourgeois*, the banker, the lawyer, the money-lender, the borrower, the student, the *grisette* and all other women, the actor, the opera-singer, the dancer, the debtor in prison, the criminal on his way to prison, the young dandy, the old rake, the politician, the pawnbroker, the mountebank, the laboring-man, the clerk, the street arab, the *enfant terrible*, the *enfant prodigue*, the hawker, the *concierge*; and to each of these he attaches some little pungent legend of a line or two, the words of which seem to drop into the ear from the street-corner, the *salon*, the attic, or the *coulisses*, like the unfrozen words in Rabelais.

Sainte-Beuve reminds us, in the acute and sympathetic essay with which he prefaces the collection of "Masques et Visages," that Gavarni was a *nom de guerre*, a pencil-name. At the counter of the publisher Susse, to whom he had carried one of the first of his drawings which was worth printing (he had drawn, as Balzac had written, an incredible quantity of rubbish), it was suggested to him that he should give the work his signature. "People will buy a print with a name under it," said Susse. Posed for a moment, the artist be-thought him of a certain valley of Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, where he had lived some hungry and happy weeks. Cutting off the feminine *e* from the name, he signed his sketch *Gavarni*, and thus was baptized, says Sainte-Beuve, all the work of his that was to come.

Guillaume-Sulpice Chevallier was his

¹ The brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Gavarni's best biographers, say that he completed ten thousand pieces.

name, and he was borne in Paris on the 13th of January, 1804. His father, Sulpice Chevallier, fifty-nine years old when this son came to him by a second wife, sprang from a substantial family of coopers, whose first home was in Burgundy. Old Sulpice had a taste of the Revolution, and kept a rather bitter memory of it. To his father and his mother Gavarni was always tenderly devoted; at thirty-one years of age he wrote in his journal, on the 29th of September, 1835: "I am dishonored in my own eyes. I had promised my father not to smoke until the 12th of October, and I have just smoked a cigar. Let me note it down against myself." He told the De Goncourts that, when a boy, he used occasionally to spend an evening in a wine-shop; one night the father followed, and, seating himself at a table facing his son's, regarded him silently with no recognition in his eyes. Gavarni never returned to the tavern.

His education was quite professional: geometry, design, linear design with a view to architecture, and some practice in that delicate branch of mechanics which is concerned with instruments of precision. At twenty he was drawing plans in a surveyor's office in Tarbes, spent some years there not over-profitably, and then set out upon a long and lonely travel through the Pyrenees (reduced at times to mending his shoes with bits of paste-board), determined to be a landscape-painter, or nothing.

His second epoch opens in Paris, in the year 1828. Up to this period we have it on the authority of the De Goncourts that Gavarni had failed very badly. A writer he might be, for the journals which he kept all his life showed him even now endowed with powers of thought and a real gift of style; but a landscape-painter—no! He had scarce a notion of color (he who, with the pen, could set out a scene glowing with harmonious tints), and his drawing of a landscape was stiff, jejune and childish. But Paris was to find out the true stuff in him. He was twenty-four when he returned to it from the solitudes and silences of the Pyrenees, and that vast and varied human tableau

moved him strangely, producing in him, as the De Goncourts say, "a kind of fever and burning curiosity." He saw that Paris was his world, and with his pencil he would conquer it. "*Il reste à être vrai* (it remains to be true, or, one must stick to life itself);" such a motto he had chosen, and to this motto his whole artistic life was entirely and unswervingly loyal.

But the stiff and formal hand of the surveyor's clerk, of the designer of instruments of precision, had still a great deal to unlearn, and a candid critic of the Gavarni of this date describes him as producing "only wretched little things." He did some vignettes for Béranger, a set of grotesques for a dealer, and a number of Pyrenean sketches—all of which are properly forgotten. His best work at this time was buried in his note-books; sketching like a madman in the streets, the *cafés*, the theatres, the tea-gardens, the public ball-rooms, he stored his memory with faces, figures, types of every kind, till, in later years, he was able to dispense altogether with the living model. In his prime he could reproduce the likeness of a man whom he had seen in the street twenty years earlier, and all his best and most characteristic figures have the air of having never sat for the likeness that betrays them. The artist has taken his models unawares; their attitudes are the attitudes of life itself. This is the happy outcome of those years of study, patient at once and frantic—morning, noon and night—in all places where the human subject was to be observed in his proper and easy habit. When his pencil grew nimble, the sketch was made (in outline, at least) before the unconscious sitter was aware of it. He designed a great many fashion-plates for Emile de Girardin's new venture, *La Mode*, and evidently with much success. Gavarni had a passion for fine clothes, clothes which were a part of the distinction and individuality of the wearer. In his own attire he was original, elegant, and not a little dandified; and he would say, when the money ran short: "I don't mind pulling the devil by the tail, but I mean to do it in yellow

kids." His work for "La Mode" is unknown to me, but the De Goncourts declare that such fine, curious and delicate fashion-drawings had not before been printed.

In 1832 appeared the two series of "Les Travestissements" and "Les Physiognomies de la Population de Paris;" and now, at the age of twenty-eight, Gavarni was a known and appreciated talent. The press took note of him; Eugène Sue wanted his pencil; and Balzac (by whom he had been commissioned to illustrate "La Peau de Chagrin") made him the subject of a long and appreciative article in a newspaper of the day. In the first of these series Gavarni shows himself the *fantaisiste* of costume. "All the light, and color, and gayety of the *bal masqué*," wrote Balzac, "sparkle in these designs. Any one of these costumes would confer distinction and originality upon the most insignificant wearer. The ladies will be longing to don them; their husbands will insist upon their doing so." "Les Physiognomies" had an instant and signal success, and over these Balzac waxed yet warmer. "It is not so much that Gavarni poses his subjects as that he *confesses* them," says the delighted critic; "he makes each one of them tell his little history."

Society began to invite the young artist abroad. Duchesse d'Abrantès constituted herself his patroness, and at her house he met pleasant and famous people. He is all at once in the whirl of it: dinners, suppers, balls, the opera, the theatre, the race-course; so much and so continuously in the whirl of it that he notes in his journal—"Actually slept at home last night." Despite his *bourgeois* birth and rearing, Gavarni, as Sainte-Beuve insists, was always a polished gentleman. He had an air and manner of his own; something of reserve, something even of *hauteur*. He abhorred in everything the little and the commonplace, and the originality which was stamped upon his work was no less a character of the man. He talked well, easily and freshly, and was never wanting in ideas. Théophile Gautier, whose acquaintance he had just made,

has left a description of Gavarni at twenty-eight, which brings before us a tall, slender, graceful and handsome young man, with a quantity of fair hair, moustaches curled and pointed in the military style, arrayed in the height of fashion, with a certain English severity of detail (*avec quelque chose d'Anglais pour la rigueur du détail en fait de toilette*), and possessing in the highest degree the sentiment of modern elegance.

What Gavarni wanted now was a paper of his own, and after infinite pains, and apparently without a *sou*, he brought out number one of *Le Journal des Gens du Monde* (one did not dine at Duchesse d'Abrantès' for nothing), to which his own airy and charming pen contributed the leading article. Alfred de Vigny wrote for it, and so did Sainte-Beuve, and Gautier, and the elder Dumas, and Victor Hugo, to say nothing of titled amateurs with the faithful duchess at their head; and Gavarni flooded it with the humors of his pencil. But when an artist begins a newspaper, the wicked fairy is always present at the birth; and the new journal, for all its high-sounding title, died in the throes of its twentieth number. It left Gavarni the heritage of a debt which, with the inevitable renewals, hampered him for years. In 1834 he was scouring Paris for money, and, not finding enough of it, the end of that year saw him an inmate of the debtors' prison of Clichy.

If Dickens had not written "Little Dorrit," it would be interesting to write of Clichy; but Clichy and the Marshalsea seem to have been almost the same prison, with the same little cliques, the same little idle etiquette, the same little strained humors (in the easiest of prisons nobody laughs from his heart), and the same little genuine tragedies which can never be quite covered up. Gavarni, a natural philosopher, fell back on his philosophy in Clichy, and missed nothing of the sordid panorama. Restored to freedom, he went to work at once upon the series known as "L'Argent," in which he has set out all the acrid wit and all the lowly and un-

romantic pathos of the relations of borrower and lender. From the smug money-lender, wondering that anybody should grumble at his thirty-five per cent., we pass to the seedy and desolate figure of his victim, the broken debtor, standing disconsolate against the door of his cell, digesting the "first quarter of an hour of a five years' sentence." The cares of debt notwithstanding (for debts began anew after Clichy), Gavarni was producing rapidly in these days. Most notable amongst the series were "Les Fourberies de Femme" (The Tricks of the Sex), and the theatrical sets of the "Musée de Costume," the "Coulisses" and the "Actrices." In "Les Fourberies" he dealt with some of the whims, faults and vices of the society of his day; but Gavarni's satires were never brutal and never cruel; and as for women, whom he fascinated all his life, though he himself seems never to have been very seriously in love, the artist is always on the side of chivalry. After these came the famous and witty gallery of students ("Etudiants de Paris"), a collection of some sixty plates wherein are preserved for our entertainment an existence and a world of the past. For the student of Gavarni's epoch (the more or less civilized descendant of the mad crew of Murger) has disappeared from Paris as utterly as his true old Latin Quarter, that "Paradise of misery and capital of hope." Here he is, however, in these delightful and veracious pages; the student of fifty years ago, a little State within the State; the future of France in an extraordinary hat or cap, and yet more extraordinary trousers, the *redingote* buttoned to conceal the absence of waistcoat, long-haired and decidedly fantastic; the student who is the personal enemy of all *sergents de ville* and other guardians of order; the student who is habitually penniless, but who has his own *cafés*, his own quarters, his appointed place in the theatre, his immemorial usages, and his "religion revealed by Béranger"; the student who pawns his velvet smoking-cap, or his favorite meerschaum, or his entire library, to have the wherewithal of a

night at the Bal de l'Opéra, where, as fast as one dance is forbidden, he invents another and a wilder one, to the despair of authority in a three-cornered hat.

Carnival-time, by the way, threw Gavarni into a veritable fever. He complains in his journal that he cannot sleep at night for excitement and the twitchings in his legs after incessant dancing; a notice on his door told his friends that the Saturday gossip was suspended, and wherever the *cotillon* was, Gavarni's heels would be flying. Sainte-Beuve says that Gavarni re-created the Carnival and made it young again. He set a new fashion in costumes for the *bal masqué*, which, before his time, had followed year after year the traditional types of the old Italian comedy, Pierrot, Arlequin and Company. How many costumes Gavarni designed for this wear, he himself could not have said, but it is certain that everybody wanted a hint for one from his pencil. Sainte-Beuve thinks he may have borrowed a notion now and then from Watteau, but is sure that his happiest inspirations were always those of the fairy in his own brain.

In the three unrivalled series of "Le Carnaval," "Les Débardeurs" and "La Foire aux Amours" we are flung into the midst of the unique nocturnal life of that surprising festival. The De Goncourt say that the *bal masqué* of this era was a kind of *gymnastique enragée*, or acrobatism run mad; but it had its graceful as well as its extravagant and clownish sides, and if the humor was often Pantagruelian, it was sometimes also as fine as a *mot* of Voltaire.

Here, in these rare albums, is the whole frenetic, many-voiced and many-colored Carnival for you, the Carnival of Paris and Gavarni, the Carnival that was and that is not, the Carnival that will be no more; the storm and whirl of music and the daring dance; the brassy lights; the tossing, foamy sea of the white bonnets of countless Pierrots; the dominos of silk and velvet; the shimmer and flutter of ribbons and laces, the nodding of plumes and feathers in the yellow dusty air; the *grisettes* in black

silk masks, zouave jackets, and wide velvet trousers reaching to the ankle; the spangled harlequins; the monkeys with tails half pulled off in the *mélée*; the bear taking his head off in a corner to cool himself, and discovering the homely and spectacled visage of a middle-aged citizen; the savages whom no savage region would acknowledge; the false noses of all shapes, sizes and colors; the false beards, and goggle eyes, and pasteboard cheeks; the mock-generals, with a hearth-brush or a poker dangling from the sword-belt; the bawling of an ultra-sentimental song to a guitar out of tune, heard for a moment above the hubbub; the sale by auction of an Adam and Eve "who have lost the money for their return to Eden, and will refuse no offer in reason;" the noisy appeal of a reveller from the ledge of a box, to the crowd below, to tell him the address of the maiden aunt with whom he had promised to spend the evening quietly; and of another, imploring the master of the ceremonies to pay off his debts and set him up in business as an ambassador; the fierce burlesque quarrels; the ceremonious salutes pre-facing some ridiculous or impudent request; the invitations to supper; the final galop, that galop of *Léonore* in which the revel attains its grand climacteric; and then, at last, the pouring out of the motley throng into the pale streets at daybreak.

His innumerable pictures of the Carnival set out at his best Gavarni's genius for the grotesque. No one has ever contrived to get so much expression out of a false nose; no one has made a dead mask speak as these masks of Gavarni speak. The false nose in these cartoons becomes a live feature, which declares the identity it would conceal. The mask of tinted pasteboard observes, listens, meditates and utters itself in epigram.

The phrases in epigram, attached to the cartoons, were as deeply relished in Gavarni's Paris as were the cartoons themselves; and he gave a world of pains to them. They were always (with two very trivial exceptions, I believe) of his own invention, and the best

of them defy translation. He had a taste in letters as exact and scrupulous as his taste in art, and a nice and witty phrase haunted and possessed him. Someone said that if a happy *mot* were dropped at table, Gavarni would pick it up and dine on it. Balzac not excepted, no one has handled the spoken language of the day—the language of the streets, the shops, the music-halls, the *cafés*, the *coulisses*, the studios—as Gavarni has done; that language within the language, non-academical but national, clipped, brisk, pointed, colored and ever-changing. By this time he had conquered and had made his own the Paris of his heart. His drawing, in this or the other illustrated journal, was the artistic event of the day; it was demanded at the *café*, it was discussed at the club.

In 1847 Gavarni found himself in London. His renown had gone before him, and the De Goncourts tell a curious story, which has the air of apocrypha, of the queen and Prince Albert, "in their Palace of Windsor," seated on the floor like children, culling Gavarni's drawings from a pile of French newspapers, and cutting out and pasting in an album those they liked best. It is certain, however, that society in London was quite prepared to lionize the distinguished satirist; but Gavarni had other plans. He was never of a very social or expansive habit, and during his lengthened stay in this country the drawing-rooms of fashion did not see him. Thackeray called, and was anxious to do for him the honors of the West End; and Dickens followed Thackeray; but Gavarni's extreme reserve chilled them both, and they left him to himself. He found his pleasure in making studies of the common folk (of which *The Illustrated London News* published many), and it is interesting to note how soon and how thoroughly he seized the English physiognomy. His sailors, costermongers, hot-potato-men, hawkers and the victims of gin are not inferior in truth and exactness to the types which he had been sketching all his life in Paris.

Gavarni's voluntary isolation did not irk him in the least, and he liked En-

gland and the English. "England," he wrote to a friend in Paris, "is the most charming country in the world for the purely material life, but beyond that the heart seems to have nothing to lean upon. It is their lack of heart [an odd criticism, this, from a native of Paris] that makes the English so easy to get on with (*si peu gênants*)."¹ Of the women he says: "I would tell you about them if I could, but I really don't know what an Englishwoman is. I have an idea, however, that in full attire, she is no longer a woman but a cathedral (*ce n'est plus une femme, c'est une cathédrale*)."² Since he deliberately withheld himself from society in London, it would be incorrect to describe Gavarni's visit there as a social failure; but he was guilty of one glaring breach of etiquette and the polite usages which would have made success in the great world ever afterwards impossible. It appears that he had been commissioned to make a sketch of her Majesty, and that, at the very last moment, he had the bad taste to forego compliance with the royal behest. Palette and brushes had actually been despatched to the palace, and Gavarni was following, or on the point of following, when he suddenly decided not to go. The gigantic rudeness of the decision compels an unwilling laugh; but let me hasten to add that Gavarni, a man of the sincerest natural politeness, never pardoned himself for that unpardonable solecism, and that, in making confession to the De Goncourts, he assured them that he could not say what mad impulse had inspired him. The offence was, nevertheless, remembered against him in this country, and when, some years later, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, the *Times* published a leading article in protest.

Back in Paris, after a tour on foot through the Hebrides, Gavarni found the calls upon his magic pencil as numerous as ever. He was happy in finding also that advancing years in no way stayed his powers of production. He not only retained at fifty the physical freshness, vigor and vitality of thirty; but, at this age, his fecundity of imag-

ination and facility of execution enabled him to furnish for the Comte de Villedieu's new journal, *Paris*, three hundred and sixty-five cartoons in three hundred and sixty-five successive days, a feat perhaps unrivalled. Never a sheet was wasted on a rough sketch, nor had the artist anything before him to assist his memory; yet the works of this period, begun and finished at a sitting, and without the intermission of a single day, include the series of—"Les Lorettes Vieilles" (the sombre and sometimes sordid humors of decayed and decrepit love), "L'Histoire de Politiquer" (fine and penetrating satires on politics and political persons, abhorred all his life by Gavarni),¹ "Les Partageuses" (a series which discovers anew his extraordinary knowledge of the woman and women of Paris), "Les Propos de Thomas Vircloque" (ragged cynic and philosopher, a "Wandering Jew of moral Doubt and modern Desolation," the grave-digger of mundane illusions and social unveracities), and "Les Anglais chez Eux."

From his quarters in the Rue Fontaine St. Georges, where out of a vast chamber with thirteen windows had been contrived the very oddest collection of little rooms and cabinets, Gavarni had betaken himself to Auteuil. Here he had become the possessor of an ideal retreat: a snug house, a retired garden, and a perfect little park enclosing them. In this cherished spot, his artist's fame at its height, Gavarni had but three wishes: to work as it pleased him, and no longer at the bidding of editors and publishers; to dream dreams; and to enrich and beautify his little property. Years of quiet living, and enjoyment of his own, had wedded his heart to this placid homestead; and his terraces and avenues of chestnuts, his hills and valleys in miniature, had drained his coffers of hundreds of thousands of francs. On a sudden, warning

¹ In the matter of politics he had a fixed and statutory formula: "Ce qu'on appelle esprit public est la bêtise de chacun multipliée par la bêtise de tout le monde (the thing they call public opinion is your stupidity and mine, multiplied by everybody's)."

came that he must quit. They were building a new railway, and that blind, inflexible line was destined to cut Gavarni's existence in twain. He appealed by letter to the king, but his letter (never received, perhaps) was never answered. He saw the roof stripped from his house, his studio hurled in ruin and confusion, his beloved garden bruised and crushed.

He was in failing health at the time, and his leaf withered quickly. He bought a dreary big house in Paris, which he did not want, and which he could no longer afford to maintain. Here, within a pace or two of the teeming, brilliant life which no pencil had ever rendered quite as his had done, he made himself a living sepulchre. He became, the De Goncourts say, a man for whom time had ceased; a man who knew neither hour, day, nor month. He scarcely crossed his own threshold, and scarcely suffered it to be crossed. He died on the 24th of November, 1866; and his tomb bears the simple, proud inscription: "Gavarni."

TIGHE HOPKINS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
TARAKANOF'S IDYL.

I.

Karacharovo, Tuesday, May 25.

My Dear Sister,—I write to thank you for your little present of the mittens, which has been most useful during the recent rather sharp weather. My host and hostess desire me to send you their kind regards.

My reception by the Zamarashkins, in the twofold capacity of an old friend of the family and the author of the "Materials for a History of Mordvian Superstition," has been most flattering. Very little has actually been *said* about my book as yet, though I have given them many opportunities in casual conversation; and from some remarks made by Sonia, the second daughter, I very much doubt whether the child has

even *read* the book. Please forward five more copies.

At the dinner-party given on the day of my arrival I was, of course, the guest of the evening. I was sorry, however, to notice that the younger members of the party were more disposed to listen to the somewhat witless sallies of a certain Captain Razumof, who was dining here, than to my remarks, though I strove as always to engage the attention of my hearers by seasoning my conversation with a number of satirical and whimsical anecdotes. The young captain, who is singularly devoid of real humor, spoiled several of my most amusing stories by treating them as if they were meant to be quite serious!

I shall settle down to *real work* tomorrow, and shall go round from cottage to cottage winning the confidence of the peasantry with interesting talk, with hints on husbandry, housekeeping, education, ventilation, etc., or even little songs and stories, if all else fails, and getting them in return to tell me all their superstitious spells and charms for my new book on "Russian Witchcraft." Even when "off duty," as it were, one can still be picking up materials by keeping one's eyes open as I, and alas! too few others, habitually do. Ivan, the boy who has been selected to wait on me, is engaged to be married to Dasha, the housemaid. There is much to be gained by the adoption of a playful manner in converse with young people of his class, and I inquired in a bantering way how it was that he had met with such success in his suit. The lad, who is of a confiding nature, confessed that after many rebuffs he had had recourse to the assistance of the *Znakharka*, or wise woman, at Struiki, who had given him a "love-powder" to be administered to the housemaid in a glass of water with a certain rite and an incantation. He positively refused to tell me the rite and incantation, which he had promised not to reveal, though I gave him a rouble and endeavored to prove the emptiness of

such superstitions to him. However, he gave me about an ounce of the powder, which I shall keep as a curiosity. I told him the folly of believing in the power of powders over the mind, and explained that a powder is only a compound of chemical substances. As an illustration of my remarks I showed him the effervescent effect of one of the Pirogoff Digestive Powders, which you put in my box, and for which I have been most grateful. The powders turn pink in water and seem almost as if they would break the glass, they effervesce so; a good deal runs over. Ivan was much surprised and interested.

Sonia, the second daughter, who is only fifteen, seems a pretty, bright little girl, not so serious as I could wish, but good-humored and affectionate, which is very becoming to her sex. With regard to Vera Kirillovna, the eldest girl, I shall have something to tell you soon which will interest you *a good deal*.

I was very much shocked to hear that you had had my study "put to rights" as you call it, without consulting me, and I fervently hope that the papers on the table and floor have not been disturbed, as the slightest derangement of what you called their "chaotic condition" may upset the whole train of my ideas for my new book.

Your affectionate Brother,

BORIS TARAKANOF.

II.

Karacharovo, Saturday, May 29.

My Dear Sister,—In my last letter I promised you some interesting news about Vera Kirillovna, Zamarashkin's eldest daughter. You are aware that I have for some time regarded her as one of the most promising anthropologists in my female class in St. Petersburg. I have, after some hesitation, decided that it is high time for me to marry if I mean to marry at all; and after a careful study of Vera Kirillovna's character and capacities I have come to the conclusion that I shall not easily find any one better fitted to fulfil the various

duties which would fall to the lot of my wife, in brightening our somewhat sombre household, entertaining my friends and colleagues, cherishing her husband, etc.

The disparity of our ages seems to me to be no obstacle, as one could hardly be expected to marry a woman of forty or fifty, with a character already too stiff to be moulded, and perhaps of not very prepossessing appearance. I therefore intend to propose marriage to her this afternoon, after I have had my nap. She knows several passages of my "Mordvian Superstition" almost by heart.

It is, of course, a great nuisance upsetting one's habits at my time of life, but in a matter of this kind one is obliged to sacrifice something. You are so used to all my little ways that I should be very sorry to entrust my household to any one else's care. I dare say you and Vera Kirillovna will arrange that somehow between you; I do not see why she should wish to interfere. We shall want a new breakfast-samovar, as the silver one will be hardly big enough for three; and you had better see to getting some new pillow-cases made.

The behavior of uneducated people is most unaccountable. Last evening I had promised to give specimens in the study from my approaching work on Witchcraft, in the form of a little lecture to the family and a few young people who had come over to play games. The proposal was my own, and they were most grateful. At my suggestion the servants were also admitted. I wound up by calling Ivan, the boy, forward and telling them the story of his "love-powders." He looked very much ashamed of himself. What promised to be an entertaining scene ended somewhat awkwardly; for though the rest of the servants were greatly amused, Dasha, the housemaid, jumped up, actually crying, silly girl, and ran out of the room declaring she would never speak to Ivan again. I understand that there is quite a tiff between them now.

I find Ivan very taciturn and unresponsive.

Sonia, the second of the girls, is a wayward little thing, and most amusingly devoid of respect for her elders. She very nearly *turned me out* of what she called "Mother's chair" in the drawing-room last night. Driving through Byeloretsk the other day I purchased a wax doll for her. Doctor Holzkopf of Dresden has proved, I think conclusively, in his "Zeitschrift" that the doll instinct is nothing more than the larva stage, as it were, of the maternal instinct, and that the better nurse a little girl is to her dolls, the better wife and mother she will be in later life. Regarded from this point of view I think the doll habit is one to be encouraged. Sonia, however, at once made the doll I gave her over to her little sister Sashenka, and gravely told me that she had "put it out to nurse," as the doctor thought she was "too old to nurse it herself." She is very precocious for a little girl of fifteen.

Your affectionate Brother,

BORIS TARAKANOF.

III.

Karacharovo, Sunday, May 30.

My Dear Sister,—I sincerely trust that you have not had the imprudence to initiate any third person into the secret which I confided to you in my last. Though I have, of course, no doubt of my ultimate success, it would be truly ridiculous if the public should learn that the author of the "Materials for a History of Mordvian Superstition" had met with even a temporary rebuff from a girl of eighteen.

I found Vera Kirillovna in the garden, as I expected, yesterday afternoon, and seating myself beside her I at once led up to what I had to say, beginning in a general way with the marriage customs of the Mordvians, in which she expressed great interest. I next asked her if she was, or rather had been, fond of dolls. She seemed a little surprised at the question, and assured me with, I thought, unnecessary earnestness, that

it was many years since she had touched such things. Then, gently patting one of her hands in a tranquillizing manner, I told her of all my plans for the future; I told her how old age was stealing upon me; I enlarged upon the convenience of having you to live with us; I told her how pleased I had been with her work last term, and how pleasant and bright I thought her. No woman, I urged, need be ashamed to be the wife of one whose work had been noticed by all the anthropological societies of any repute in Germany. Vera Kirillovna replied that, though she respected me deeply—which I had, of course, never doubted—yet that she felt she could never, never do more—she could never *love* me. I smiled at her simplicity. "Dear child," I said, "do not confuse a plain issue with the ambiguous and exploded generalizations of the romantic school. You find some pleasure in conversing with me?" Of course I knew what her answer to *that* would be. "My person is not unpleasing—for my age, that is." She looked a little confused, which gave me hope. "I offer to you an enviable position, a competence, nay, I offer you my esteem! What more can one intelligent being offer to another?" She answered with some rigmarole about "love," to which I paid but little attention, as I was meditating how to proceed. Then she rose with a number of "Never, nevers," "Try to forget," "Love is a sacred thing," etc.—phrases which she has learned, I am afraid, from the circulating library. I, of course, fully understood that this was only an expedient to gain time to recover from her very natural agitation; and I shall later approach the subject from a different standpoint.

After tea I amused myself with a few experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the chemical formula of the powder which Ivan was hoaxed into buying of the old woman at Struiki. It disappears immediately without any effervescence on being put into water, and exhibits no taste or color; some of

the elements in it I find a little difficult to identify. Poor Ivan is still rather sore with me for having made him look ridiculous before his *inamorata*.

Before approaching Vera Kirillovna again on the matter I have at heart, I have been to the library to prepare myself at all points by looking up the subject of love in Drinkendorf's new *Konversationslexikon*, but I can find nothing about it.

Your affectionate Brother,

BORIS TARAKANOF.

IV.

Karacharovo, Tuesday, June 1st.

My Dear Sister,—I am sure you will be as much surprised as I was, when I tell you that this extraordinary girl still persists in her negative in spite of my triumphant refutation of all her fallacies on the subject. It is most vexing! I was quite unable to concentrate my thoughts this morning on the paper I am finishing on the "Psychology of Superstition," with a view to the Bezbrazof Medal at Kazan. I was obliged to climb up and turn her portrait—which hangs in the study—with its face to the wall. It was most unfortunate that the servant Ivan entered the room while I was situated in a somewhat undignified position on the bookshelf struggling with the canvas, though, of course, he could have no idea what my motive was. The portrait gives no notion of the remarkable variety of her expression, but the artist has to some extent caught the wonderful color of her hair and cheeks—characteristics which I had really not particularly observed till the last day or two.

Entirely failing to get to sleep after lunch—a most unusual thing with me—I slipped on my goloshes and sallied forth to look for Vera. As ill luck would have it, she had gone for a drive with the children; so, feeling very dull, I started off walking by myself. Chance led me to a little village near here called Struiki, where there is a *Znakarka*, an old woman who has a great reputation for magic in the neigh-

borhood. I induced her for a considerable sum of money to impart several curious charms and spells, which I have noted for my book. Among others is a love-charm, intended to be used in conjunction with a certain powder, which, I think, I told you Ivan the boy had made use of to win the affections of the housemaid. The young lover has to follow his "object," cut out the print of her foot on the ground with a knife and burn it in the stove, reciting a sort of ridiculous incantation which begins: "May the three devils, Sava, Koldun and Asaul, that sit by the flaming stone of Alatyr, kindle a fire in the heart of," etc., etc. The old woman has amassed quite a competence by imparting this kind of gibberish to the lovesick swains of the neighborhood, who devoutly believe in its efficacy.

The boy Ivan is getting over his taciturnity. He told me this evening with a sheepish grin that he knew where I had been for my afternoon walk. It seems that he has a married sister living at Struikl.

Your affectionate Brother,

BORIS TARAKANOF.

V.

Karacharovo, Monday, June 7th.

My Dear Sister,—You have acted most *foolishly* in buying a new samovar on a mere hint of my intentions, and I beg you will put it away and let no one see it, lest they should suspect your reasons for getting it. I have no wish to be made ridiculous. I have not done a stroke of work *for days!* Vera has no doubt that I am *really in love* now; but we can neither of us detect any trace of it in her! The stopping has come out of my back tooth, and I have cracked my gold spectacles, and mislaid my address book, and I am perfectly miserable. I actually found myself on my knees before her this morning!

Your affectionate Brother,

BORIS TARAKANOF.

P.S.—I really cannot be bothered with business letters. The publishers must

do what they think best about the surplus copies of "Mordvian Superstition."

VI.

Wednesday, June 9th.

Address till further notice, Poste Restante, Kharkof. I left Karacharovo last night.—B. T.

VII.

Kharkof, Monday, June 14th.

My Dear Sister,—You have, as I expected, received a wholly inaccurate account of last Tuesday's events, and I see that I must tell you the whole story. Studying the curious beliefs of the peasantry with the minuteness to which I am indebted for my European reputation, I make it my rule, as far as possible, to carry out, or see carried out, the various superstitious rites which they practise. In accordance with this plan I certainly did go through a rough imitation of the rite appropriated to the administration of the so-called "love-powder," *just as I have been through many other rites* with which I proposed to deal in my "Russian Witchcraft." That a Petersburg professor should do such a thing is, of course, incomprehensible to the mind of an ignorant peasant such as Ivan, who has so brutally made use of the results of his espionage to revenge himself on me for my harmless ridicule of his methods of courtship.

I certainly did order the stove to be lighted in my room on Tuesday afternoon; but I did *not* have it lighted expressly for the ceremony of burning the footstep, but because I had found my room a little damp the preceding night. It was, however, the having a fire which suggested the idea of going through the mummery that day rather than any other.

It seems that not only Ivan, but also Sonia, the second daughter, and a certain Captain Razumof, who visits at Karacharovo, were spying upon me when I followed Vera Kirillovna down the garden and cut out her footstep from the path, I however, suspected

nothing until I heard them tittering outside my bedroom door while I was reciting the foolish form of words about the three devils, Sava, Koldun and Asaul, which the peasants use on these occasions. At dinner I divined from their looks that not only the *whole family* of Zamarashkins, but also the captain's brothers and sisters, and some other young people who were dining with us, had been treated to the story, of course with all sorts of embellishments from the half-witted Ivan. However, I maintained a dignified composure and led the conversation to indifferent topics.

I had made it my custom latterly to pursue Vera Kirillovna with those little attentions proper to persons in my situation, such as pressing her to eat, seeing that she is supplied with salt, mustard, etc. Among other things it had been my habit to fill her glass with water from the filter on the sideboard. I am not one for doing things by halves, as you know, where the cause of science is concerned. I had, therefore, intended to carry out the silly mummery of the love-charm to its very end, and I, in fact, had what I supposed to be a packet of Ivan's "love-powder" in my waistcoat pocket. The mistake in the powder can hardly have been mine. I suspect that some treachery had been practised upon me. At any rate, it turned out to be, not the so-called "love-powder," but one of the Pirogoff Digestive Powders which I actually had upon me. The consequence was that as I approached the table and slipped the powder, which I had transferred to my hand, into the glass, the mixture turned pink and effervesced violently, falling all over the table-cloth and making a great mess. Evidently the whole company had been watching me on the tenter-hooks of expectation, for the moment the stuff exploded they all jumped up shrieking with insane laughter, and Sonia cried out that her sister "had not got indigestion."

As all my efforts to explain the matter were drowned in the vulgar merriment

of the company, I thankfully availed myself of the offer which my hostess, who had followed me out of the room, made me, of a carriage to drive to the station and get away. I have been in no way ridiculous, except in so far as the victim of a poor practical joke can be said to be so. I wish to hear no more about it.

I have no intention of returning home at present. My work will detain me in this part of the country for some time.

Your affectionate Brother,

BORIS TARAKANOF.

VIII.

Kharkof, Tuesday, July 13th.

My Dear Sister,—I hear to my delight that my paper on the "Psychology of Superstition" has been awarded the Bezobrazof Silver Medal by the Kazan Academy. If anything could console me for my misadventures of last month, it is this recognition of my work by so competent a body of *savants* as the Kazan Academy is universally acknowledged to be.

I am a good deal shocked to hear through the Stolarenkos that Vera Zamarashkin is engaged to be married to a certain Captain Razumof, a very ill-bred fellow whom I saw once or twice at Karacharovo. The marriage, which can hardly be a happy one, has my best wishes.

I have abandoned my big work on "Russian Witchcraft," as I find that it would entail more personal research than I can find time for. I shall, of course, go to Kazan in person to receive my medal, and shall look forward to a very hearty reception there. Expect me in Petersburg next Tuesday week.

Your affectionate Brother,

BORIS TARAKANOF.

P.S.—There was an allusion to my "Mordvian Superstition" in last Saturday's *Noroë Vremya*.

GEORGE L. CALDERON.

From The Fortnightly Review.
ENGLAND AND JAPAN.

If recent events in the Far East have caused uneasiness in England, it is not surprising that they should produce a frenzy of alarm in Japan. We can best understand the meaning of the seizure of Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur to her by imagining our own feelings if Russia and Germany should seize upon Antwerp and the Texel. And in the Far East, Japan, it must be remembered, had conquered Port Arthur, and had obtained its cession from China, when Russia, Germany and France stepped in to take from her her conquest on the plea that she was disturbing the balance of power in the East. Her rage and dismay are not to be allayed by smooth assurances and promises. She is too nimble-witted to deceive herself, as does the British nation, with the idea that the new Triple Alliance has now realized all its objects and will no more aggress. She foresees an impending attack upon herself by the mailed fist of the alliance, and grasps the fact that two of the three allies have now secured the bases which they require for operations against her. Face to face with Russia, France and Germany, she is powerless, and her only hope lies in England.

During the earlier period of the present crisis, it seemed almost certain that England had some understanding with Japan. Count Ito's six hours' interview with Lord Salisbury pointed to such an arrangement; but even more conclusive were the indications which our naval dispositions afforded. At the time when Sir M. Hicks-Beach made his famous speech, not obscurely threatening war against Russia and Germany, we had eleven fighting ships in the Far East. Against these Russia had seven, France three and Germany six. If war was in the air we might have had to fight with eleven ships against sixteen, and with inferiority in weight of broadside, number of heavy guns, and number of torpedo tubes. It is not likely that a ministry so cautious

and timid as Lord Salisbury's would have run so great a risk. And, therefore, it would appear that we had exchanged assurances with Japan, or, in other words, concluded a temporary alliance. At this date, too, very powerful reinforcements were on their way to the Russian, French and German squadrons in the Far East, but not to ours. In all, these amounted to five ships—to say nothing of three more which had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the East. We did not, till the middle of February, move a ship from Europe, though from our other squadrons near the China seas we ordered up one cruiser. Either, then, we were guilty of that rashness which, Lord Salisbury has told us, ruins empires, or we had Japan at our back. But now the reinforcements sent out by England to the East at the eleventh hour are such as to indicate that our arrangement with Japan has been abandoned. We are moving two first-class battleships and one first-class cruiser from the Mediterranean, besides an extra second-class cruiser from home, and we already have one first-class battleship in the East. Japan and Russia each have two of the same class; Germany has two old battleships. If we had the Japanese alliance we might have needed more cruisers but not more battleships, so long as the foreign squadrons in the East remain what they are. Our margin of naval superiority is so very diminutive against France and Russia alone—against France, Russia and Germany it is non-existent—that we cannot afford to be too strong at any one point lest we should be too weak at others. The tangle of our diplomacy and of our naval policy is indeed difficult to unravel.

Our naval position in the China sea is rendered more precarious by our want of a northern coaling station. Hong-Kong is fifteen hundred miles from the Gulf of Pe-che-li, that is to say, a week's steam at economical speed. The neglect of the government to occupy

such a base as we need is extraordinary and inexcusable, for when Germany and Russia were laying hands on fine ports we should have been more than justified in taking precautionary measures. As so often, we have done nothing but talk big, back down, and then pretend that we have scored a brilliant success.¹ Here, again, it looks as though we had been trusting to an agreement with Japan which allowed us the use of her bases.

In itself the Japanese fleet is a factor which makes her alliance appear desirable. She possesses a navy which is, when all is said, actually and potentially the most formidable individual fleet in the East at this moment. She has now available two new battle-ships superior to anything east of Suez, eleven good cruisers—one of which has just been bought from Brazil—a reserve fleet of older ironclads and cruisers, and some forty torpedo craft. Strong though this force is, it is to be vastly strengthened in the immediate future. By the Austrian *Marine Almanach* for 1898, Japan has now building five large battleships—three of which, but for the strike, would have been delivered early next year—four large armored cruisers, eleven smaller cruisers and twelve destroyers or torpedo-boats. Taking into consideration the rapidity with which these ships are being pushed forward, Japan is building as fast as Russia, and nearly as fast as France. Her outlay on ships alone is prodigious in comparison with her resources. In the near future she will be the fifth naval power of the world.

In personnel, to man her navy, Japan is exceptionally strong. She has officers and men to take all her ships to sea, and has a large trained reserve, as she employs conscription with the usual

combination of long and short service. Her seamen, too, are the best men she can produce, and nobles are to be found on her ships' lower decks.

Besides her ships and men, Japan has the inestimable advantage of well-equipped naval bases and coal mines close at hand to the Yellow Sea. She controls the passage through the Inland Sea, which might be of immense strategical importance in war. She has accumulated large stocks of Welsh coal near to the scene of possible hostilities. Even with our purchases of coal at Singapore and our dépôt, such as it is, at Hong-Kong, we should be glad of this reserve of fuel, for fleets get quickly through their coal. We could, of course, draw upon Australia, where the coal is better than the Japanese, but the line of communication is long and exposed. France has her Tonkin mines, whilst if Japan were hostile to us, both France and Russia would have the Japanese mines at their disposal, and a naval force which would place them in a position of distinct superiority against even our vastly reinforced China fleet. A glance at the map will show that Japan dominates the Yellow Sea, if positions are of any importance.

The Japanese army is being reorganized: its present war strength, which is about three hundred and ten thousand, is to be increased to five hundred and twenty thousand; but this will necessarily involve time. Japan would not have the slightest difficulty in providing an expeditionary force of two hundred thousand men. She is thus in a position—given command of the sea, which she does not as yet possess—to menace Russia on the Pacific Coast. Nor will the advance of the Siberian Railway destroy all her advantages, though it will diminish them. She is increasing her army *pari passu*; the line is only a single track, and to move large forces of men and the supplies and ammunition required by a modern army over it will take much time. The maintenance of an adequate Russian

¹ We have not even complied with the oft-repeated representations of Hong Kong and secured that priceless base by the annexation of Mirs Bay and the surrounding islands. Yet courage and a paint brush are all that our diplomacy required.

army on the spot will strain Russia's financial resources and weaken her, temporarily, at any rate, in Europe.

On the surface, then, the military position of Japan is strong against Russia alone, and it might seem that she is all that we could desire as an ally. But far more important questions remain to be considered. How far is Japanese civilization a real and permanent factor, and not a mere exotic growth? How far has Japan acquired the refining and humanitarian characteristics of European civilization? What is the Japanese national character? Are her armaments at the bottom formidable against European enemies? And has she the resources to maintain them?

Many of these questions cannot be answered, because time alone can give the answer. We can only look for indications. It does appear that civilization has taken firm root, but it is not precisely Western civilization. The plant has been modified by grafting. Yet where the apparatus of education is so thorough and efficient, where there is so much energy and strength of purpose, where the external pressure can only be met with a resolute advance upon an upward plane, where there is talent and knowledge at the helm, there does not seem much danger of a relapse, unless Japan is attacked and crushed. Then all things would be possible. The country has to be consolidated; it is only thirty years since the overthrow of the feudal system. In a generation Japan has attempted to achieve the progress of four centuries. The work which her statesmen have carried out is a good work, and has made infinite demands on their courage and patience. Yet, whilst it is not a sham fabric like the civilization of Siam, time is required for the mortar to dry and harden.

How far the Japanese sailors and soldiers could be trusted against a European enemy is a point which may be raised. Barbarian forces have usually failed in the past, because they were not intelligently led or because

they were armed with inferior weapons, or good weapons which they did not understand. The typical instance is China in the late war. But Japan has German organization and strategy, excellent leaders, as the Yalu showed, and the very best weapons. If on land her fighting men had only to "come, see and conquer," at sea they had to face a more stubborn resistance. The Chinese lost twenty-three per cent. of their force in line at the Yalu, and are said by those Europeans present at the battle to have fought manfully. The Japanese admiral, Ito, had not only to meet brave opponents, but also to grapple with new tactical problems. European critics have not been able to discover any faults in his leading, though one of his subordinates did make a serious mistake, but such a mistake as might be made in any European navy. It does not appear, then, that there is any real reason for disbelieving in Japanese efficiency. Still, it would be wise for us to discount Japan's strength in some degree till it has been more severely tried.

In the war of 1894-95, there were certain instances of extreme savagery—even ferocity—on the part of Japanese troops. The statistics for the war show that whereas only 795 Japanese were killed, 27,917 Chinese fell. If these figures are not an Oriental exaggeration, it becomes evident that the Japanese simply shot down the Chinese. At Port Arthur, in Formosa and at the sinking of the Kow Shing they displayed a terrible ferocity. They have been very severely blamed by Mr. Greenwood, but it cannot be denied that such regrettable excesses have happened; and do happen, in civilized war, when men's passions are excited and the lust for blood is aroused. Probably few Europeans remember the capture of Fort Pillow, in the American Civil War, when the Confederates were guilty of atrocities so terrible that by the common consent of Americans the facts have been buried in oblivion.¹

¹ In a recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* I

That the Japanese is more cruel than the European is possible; his civilization, if it is not, as has been most unjustly said, a mere veneer, is recent and has not yet had time to work its full effects. It is not so many years ago since *hari kari* was one of the institutions of Japan. Is it then just to condemn the Japanese for outbreaks which have occurred in the most civilized armies, and which may be only a passing phenomenon, not a characteristic of the race?

Another reproach which is flung at the Japanese is that he is a "pagan." This is undeserved, for the educated Japanese is not a pagan, but a sceptic or agnostic. The young nation, like the young man, in the presence of modern science and philosophy is apt to cast away its religious beliefs and to believe that religion is an unnecessary superfluity. It does remain true that, as the historian of Sea Power has said, agnosticism which has never known Christianity is a far different creed from agnosticism which has passed through Christianity. There is, however, a very good prospect of Japan becoming Christian in the near future, and this though the missionaries who have striven to evangelize her have made little way. The Church Missionary Society, for instance, had in 1896 only 1,723 native communicants. The explanation of missionary failure probably lies in this: earnest believing men of insufficient intellectual calibre pitted against keen sceptical minds; innumerable jarring sects, each claiming to preach the true word of Heaven; and, therefore, before we revile the Japanese for their present unbelief we shall do well to ask whether Christendom itself is not at fault for it in some degree. A house divided against itself in the presence of an enemy can win no real success. It may, however, be observed that Unitarianism, the most intellectual

gave many more instances—the massacre at Jaffa by Napoleon, Badajoz, Bazeilles, the Indian Mutiny, Geok Tépé. Any student of military history can supply further examples.

of our "isms" and creeds, is making progress even now amongst the Japanese student class.

The question of religion is of immense importance, since there are many Englishmen to whom any alliance with a non-Christian power against Christians would seem something like treason to God. Yet, whilst I can understand this sentiment, I cannot see why it does not equally operate against the employment, by us, of pagans in India and Africa to do our work of slaughter. We should use pagan Ghurkas and Sikhs against Christian Russians in Central Asia, if the push came. It may be objected that Ghurkas are controlled by Christian officers, whereas Japanese troops are not. But it seems that we are descending to a very fine hair-splitting when we draw such distinctions, and that, if there is anything reprehensible, it is employing the lower civilization against the higher, which is equally the case with Ghurka private and Japanese auxiliary.

In character the Japanese has one noble vein which raises him above dull materialism. Whatever his religious beliefs, he believes in his country. On the field of battle, particularly at the Yalu, he has displayed the highest valor, the loftiest contempt for death. Can that race be wholly bad, or even mainly bad, whose recruits, when called from peaceful pursuits to the battlefield, behave as Mr. Lafcadio Hearn has described in one typical instance?

"And now I am glad," he exclaimed, his face radiant with a soldier's joy; "we go to-morrow." Then he blushed again, as if ashamed of having uttered his frank delight. I thought of Carlyle's deep saying, that never pleasures, but only suffering and death, are the lures which draw true hearts. I thought also that the joy in the lad's eyes was like nothing I had ever seen before, except the caress in the eyes of a lover on the morning of his bridal.

The bandsmen standing to the Matsushima's guns, after the great shell from one of the Chinese ironclads had killed

or wounded one-fourth of her crew, is an incident of which any navy might be proud.

British residents in Japan, however, see more than this heroic side to the Japanese character. They discover a dishonesty in Japanese merchants, to which the Chinese are comparative strangers, in the nation at large a fickleness and changefulness which are manifested in innumerable and kaleidoscopically changing political groups, an over-bearing pride fostered by the war, with results that have proved disastrous to Japanese policy in Korea, a lack of strict integrity, and a want of the sense of justice. These are some of the causes which make foreigners look with so much apprehension upon the surrender of consular jurisdiction.¹ It is evident, however, that such faults are in a great measure the faults of imperfect civilization. Moreover, the fickleness is not visible in Japanese foreign policy, which is strong and consistent. There are European nations open to a far severer indictment—witness "Lanin's" picture of the Russian character. It would obviously be unjust to condemn a whole people for what may, after all, be the fault only of that part of it with which the stranger comes most in contact.

Mr. Greenwood has charged Japan with a treacherous, aggressive attack upon China. But the fact is well known that China herself was, in a dazed and foolish way, contemplating some violent move against Japan.² It is also perfectly evident that Japan foresaw and feared the opening of the Siberian railway, and wished to consolidate her military position before that event. She probably hoped to

awaken China by administering an electric shock. A nation is justified in taking measures of defence, and Japan was not more treacherous than was Germany, in 1870, when Bismarck, anticipating an attack by France, Austria and Italy, manœuvred France into declaring war before the scheme of alliance could be completed. She failed because she could not foresee the union of Germany, France and Russia—probably misled by the emphatic and oft-repeated assurances of British ministers that Germany could never be found in the same camp with France. Those who have studied the course of European policy for the last hundred years will not be in too desperate a hurry to reproach the Japanese with treachery and violence.

Nor must the fact be forgotten, that if we do not grasp the Japanese Alliance some other power will. We are accused of "not being good Europeans," by those who secretly armed and incited Menelik to overthrow Italian domination in Eritrea; who, in the past, did not hesitate to form an alliance with the gentle despot known to French history as "Citizen Tippoo;" who supported the sultan in his attack upon Greece, and procured him impunity in his massacre of the Armenians; who are believed to have countenanced the armament of the Afidis. We are threatened with outlawry if, for our own defence and to protect Japan from violent attack, we join our forces to hers. In much the same style Napoleon denounced and outlawed England for her "greedy monopolization of the sea," a charge which is by a curious coincidence being repeated against us by the organs of opinion in France, Russia and Germany to-day. The Jews refused to fight on the Sabbath till they discovered that such self-imposed restrictions meant destruction to themselves. Do we not owe a duty to our country, first and foremost, not to this armed Europe which hates us so bitterly? Can we afford to throw away a weapon because rivals and enemies

¹ Agreed to by England.

² In what way, one would like to ask, did Japanese "aggression" against China differ from Russian, German or French aggression against the same power between 1895-98? Why, if Japan is to be condemned, is Germany to be condoned? The higher civilization will always attempt to control and use the lower, and this, for the good of the race, is best. Unless life is made unsupportable to the lower it will not progress.

tell us that its use will bring down upon our heads all manner of imaginary penalties?

It is strange to find that these "good Europeans" are, themselves, not above angling for the alliance of Japan. "Codlin's the friend, not Short," the *Novosti* repeats with anxious reiteration. On January third it was pointing out that an alliance between Japan and Russia "would assure the political equilibrium of the East." "France, Russia and Japan are natural allies" on January 9th. There have been hints that Korea has lost its interest to Russia since the seizure of Port Arthur, and that it may now become Japanese. But the "fickle and volatile" Oriental has not yet risen to this bait. He has at last discovered there is only one friendly power in Eastern Asia, and that is England. Is it possible that these pontifical excommunications of England in the Continental press are inspired by the fear that we may play a trump card and form an alliance with Japan?

Step by step, warily and painfully, at the cost of infinite exertions, we have raised our naval strength. We have reconstructed our fleet and long since passed France in the race. As soon, however, as we drew ahead it became obvious that we should have to meet, not France alone, but France and Russia. In spite of our efforts it cannot be said that we have any great superiority as against these two powers. We are now menaced by the possible hostility of Germany in combination with the Dual Alliance. If there is a traditional diplomacy which regards Russia as the enemy of England, there is also a traditional diplomacy which regards Germany as the enemy of France.¹ Our fleet is too weak to make front against the three powers, supposing they are

combined. But if the rising navy of Japan should be thrown into the scale against us our position is hopeless. We cannot raise our fleet to the required strength, and many voices will be inclined to cry stop to an expenditure which brings us no nearer our goal of maritime supremacy. Isolation, perfect in theory, is becoming impossible in practice. It demands as its conditions, if it is to remain our policy, exorbitant armaments—armaments which even our immense resources cannot support—and an extreme instability in continental Europe. What was safe in 1850, in 1870, in 1880, is no longer safe in 1900. The friction between the Continental powers is diminishing instead of increasing.

As an ally Japan has this disadvantage, that, like Italy, her financial position is very insecure. Her expenditure has risen from about £8,200,000 in 1894-95 to £20,000,000 in 1896-97 and £26,000,000 in 1897-98. It now amounts to one-third of the national income. If Japanese armaments are maintained, Japan is threatened with bankruptcy, or at least with a terrible commercial crisis, which may throw the nation back twenty years. If she reduces her armaments she must be crushed by Russia and Russia's satellites, or come to terms with that power. It is here, rather than in the sentimental argument, that the objection to the Japanese Alliance lies. Is Japan, under these circumstances, able to give us substantial help?

The financial situation is, without doubt, serious. At the same time Japan has an industrious, intelligent and energetic population, a considerable and fast-expanding trade, a rising standard of comfort which means increased consumption and increased means to consume, proximity to one of the finest potential markets of the world with easy sea communication, coal and iron in plenty, and a fine climate. The war was followed by an extraordinary development of trade, which encouraged over-speculation and extravagant boun-

¹ Immense consequences would result from a reconciliation of France and Germany. The neutrality of Holland and Belgium could at any time be violated against ourselves, and the "covered way" into the channel, of which I spoke in the June (1897) *Fortnightly*, be rendered secure for the two Powers and dangerous to ourselves.

ties to the mercantile marine. There will almost certainly be a period of great depression, for the nation has moved too quickly, but as certainly a recovery can be predicted. Italy has not the great possibilities of Pacific trade which await Japan; nor has she the immense market of China near at hand, or the energy and manufacturing potentialities which characterize Japan. What our position is in the West, that is Japan's position in the East, and similar geographical causes may produce similar effects. As the Pacific coast of the United States fills up, the oceanic trade will develop, and the richest share of it may well fall to Japan. With such a future she has no real cause for fear, if only the China markets can be kept open. Here her interests coincide with ours. Indeed, did we give her our support, we have nothing to fear from her. She cannot, for generations, be a source of danger to England.

In Europe we have managed to keep the platonic friendship of Italy without concluding a definite alliance with her. But Italy has the support of Germany and Austria, else she would long since have been compelled to come to terms with the Dual Alliance. Japan has no such help to lean upon. She must make terms and take sides with one or the other of the two systems which are now contending for supremacy in Asia. There always remains the possibility that if she has not British support, Russia and her allies may decide that she is not worth "squeezing," or that she will be dangerous if "squared," and may attack her. Under such circumstances what is to be our attitude? Are we to allow a non-Christian power to be violently and unjustly assailed by Christian powers? And if it be said that this is a remote contingency, one is curious to know why Russian, French and German squadrons in the Far East have been strengthened to a figure which gives them almost the certainty of a victory against Japan as she now stands, and whether the talk of the

"mailed fist" is all going to vanish into thin air.

Should Japan be so attacked the danger to us will be extreme. Her new ships will be transferred to hands which cannot be considered friendly to England, if we stand aloof. Her naval power will be wiped out. And if we give her assistance we become at once her ally. We may attempt to disguise our position and to save our *amour propre* by "subsidizing" her, or by using her armaments under British leaders—if she will permit that. But this is, after all, trying to hide the truth.

We shall perhaps confess that by our policy of isolation we have been driven into a corner, and have been so outmaneuvered that an alliance with a yellow power has been forced upon us. Would it not be wisest to recognize the unpalatable truth, to conclude a definite agreement with Japan which should restrain her from violent or premature action, but which should at the same time guarantee her from any such attack as seems to be maturing? Included in the terms would be stipulations for the maintenance of the "open door," by force if necessary, in the markets of the East—supposing British statesmen are in earnest in bringing forward such demands. Without force we cannot maintain them, and we shall be put off with paper promises for the present, to be repudiated in the near future. The great powers have no interest in fighting us whilst they can get from us all that they want without fighting. They discover that we are—to put it plainly—afraid to fight even when right is on our side, for that is the whole meaning of Lord Salisbury's policy in Tunis, Madagascar and West Africa. We have played the dog in the manger against Germany, and played the part with miserable insucceess, afraid to resent her rough brushing away of our quibbles and objections. In international law we have no case to oppose her seizure of Kiao-Chau;¹ it is even

¹ This need not be an obstacle to the British Government which has invented a new rule of

doubtful if we could resist an occupation by her of Chusan. Lord Salisbury tells us that she will grant the "open door," but that is not what Herr Bulow says to the Reichstag. The German statesman maintains that this country has retained a perfectly free hand. Our rights—such as they are—at Port Arthur and Kiao-Chau will in any case be surrendered by some future Lord Salisbury, as our rights at Batum, in West Africa, Madagascar and Tunis have been given away by past Lord Salisburys.

By any agreement with Japan we shall, of course, earn the enmity of Russia—even if such an agreement is not directed against Russia. This is a point to be considered, but in spite of assurances most Englishmen will be of opinion that we shall only exchange a secret for an open foe. On the other hand, if we frankly acquiesce in Germany's projects in China—and these will ultimately benefit British as well as German trade—if we can understand that tolerable government by a white power is better for us and for the world than the deplorable administrative anarchy of China, we might even now secure the alliance of Germany, but only at a heavy price. No one, however, will be on our side if from day to day under pressure of threats we stammer, "This concession shall be made because to refuse it means war." We have dismayed our friends, encouraged our enemies, alienated our possible allies and surrendered vital interests in every quarter of the world. No nation can prosper which is governed by moral cowardice. When will British ministers discover that Nelson's saying, "The boldest measures are the safest," is true in our own day as in our glorious past?

H. W. WILSON.

international law against England, viz., that our treaty rights acquired under a foreign protectorate, lapse when the protectorate is converted into an annexation.

From Blackwood's Magazine,
"AI KALI!"

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE.

At the end of the Bird-catcher's alley, in the Quarter of the Coppersmiths, there is an old three-storied house belonging to Charn Dás, the grain-seller. It has a courtyard in the middle, faced at each story with rickety galleries, and on the arch over the door is pictured the great Gurn Gobind Singh, sitting lightly on his milk-white steed, hawk on wrist and sword on thigh. When the great sickness came the house held several families. Of these the men-folk worked in the railway offices, from Tek Chand, pay-clerk, down to Rám Dás, fresh from the Lahore High School. On the first floor, from which a bow-window of carved wood jutted out on the upstretched necks of wild geese, lived Wazíri Begum, the dancing-girl. Every night the courtyard echoed with the fretting of silver strings; and the latest song on the follies of the English, or some Persian love-ditty, brought the men into the galleries where the water-pipes bubbled in low discord. Though the galleries looked into the court only, yet, for privacy sake, all but the top story was screened in. There, next the sky, Rám Dás, and his wife Chandí, lived in two small rooms. From the roof, which they shared with the others, they could see the sullen river rolling past the bridge, and there the women spent much of the winter days and all the summer nights. For half the year they looked down from it on the grey sand flats quivering in the dancing haze, through which a far-off buffalo looked an elephant, and grazing camels took on monstrous shapes. The horizon faded into clouds of grass and high scrub, which harbored savage boar and grey wolf. In flood-time the boiling yellow river swept over the low lands, making a mile-wide stream, which the quaint barges with square sails slowly stemmed. From half city to half city strode the railway bridge. This side lay the old town and beyond the new, in masses of cramped houses striving each to better his neighbor by a story;

whilst here and there pricked up the minarets of a mosque, or the shining spire of some Hindu temple. The black bridge, with its great cage, and bastions on the half-way piers, spoke, through voiced but empty loopholes, of preparation for the great war Armageddon which must be fought, and will decide the destiny of India. Beyond the river hummed the teeming hives of railway industry, whose inmates had refilled the houses of the city, deserted when her position as mistress of the Indus became a barren honor. Each half city hung on the flanks of the low red hills that rose towards the south and guided the mighty five rivers to the sea.

The day the plague came was a holiday among the Hindus, and Rám Dás had sat reading some black-lettered appeal to the pious. For he was a true Hindu, with whom education was but an end to gain a living, and to him his religion was a very real one. Not to him did the newfangled, unorthodox beliefs appeal: to him the gods lived and were ever present in their many-formed incarnations. He had learned science in the English schools, but still believed in his own heart that the world was supported by the great snake-god. Every creature about him bore evidence to the truth of his own religion. In his father's house the old customs were maintained, as in the house of that great-grandfather, whose second widow still told of Afghan plunder and the throne-setting of Ranjít Singh. With her the intrigues of Gulu the water-carrier and the youngest Maharáni were but the scandal of yesterday: she loved to thrill the women's hearts with the tale of the murderous *suttee* at the death of Nao Nihál Singh, the handsomest among a race of handsome men, and how the beautiful Isar Kour was thrust, shrieking, on the burning pyre. To Rám Dás all ceremonies were as sacred as his priest—though that wily hypocrite had already sent a son to the out-caste nation, that he might learn their despised laws.

Rám Dás sat repeating to himself the sacred words of Manu, pondering over laws based on wisdom and diverted to

oppression. As he leaned contentedly at the little lattice, the half-strength of the winter sun warming his very bones, he turned from time to time to Chandi, at her spinning-wheel, on the low seat behind him. He had months ago distributed "the omen of the hundred pleasures" amongst the houses of his clan, and Chandi would soon make him a father. "May it be a son," he prayed; "grant me a son, that he may burn my body as I burned my father's, and throw my ashes into the holy Ganges." Chandi had visited every shrine, and they had fed every yellow-robed faqír, even that new one, whose predictions of the death at hand and the coming of the Goddess Káli had amused one-half the city and terrified the other.

As Rám Dás peered into the sunshine, which struck half down the alley, he heard the distant noise of weeping, and turned to Chandi, saying, "In whose house is death?"

"It is the brother of Rámá, the cotton-seller," she said; "he had come from the coast, and died this morning. I too must go, for he was of your clan. It is now near time; the astrologer bade me wait till the sun's descent."

She fell to spinning again, singing softly the song of the wheel. Rám Dás returned to less comfortable thoughts, for he had read of the anger of the Goddess Káli against the seacoast towns.

Presently the girl arose and walked slowly down the dark stair, and out by the little door in the side of the painted arch. The afternoon breeze swept up the narrow alley, but brought no freshness with it, for it was heavy with the deadly odors that had tainted it in its passage. Athwart the path stood a lean calf feeding on the refuse thrown from the house-tops. The house-walls glistened with the fetid slime which escaped from the surface-drains, while the noisome stench of decaying matter stopped the breath. Through the filth and over the worn bricks Chandi picked her way slowly, her petticoat pulled up half-way to her knee.

As she turned into the Cowherd's lane, where the home of the dead man was, the air was rent with fresh out-

cries. On the brick pavement without the house stood a circle of lean old matrons, half-clad in loose white cloth and purple petticoats. These ancient Furies beat their leathern breasts and thighs, chanting in a high, thin-voiced chorus the praises of the dead. The head mourner, who was the barber's wife, shrieked the customary phrases: "Alas! he is gone, the tiger in strength and beautiful as the gazelle! Alas! alas!" Sorrow as conventionally false as the more civilized epitaph; for the dead man lay up-stairs, a miserable, stunted townsmen. The old women in their turn raised their trembling voices and repeated the phrase with mournful emphasis.

Chandi pressed up-stairs to condole with the women of the family. There sat a dozen women all lamenting violently, but of them the dead man's mother and his widow alone were sincere. The widow sat with shaved head and bewed in speechless grief. For she was childless, and there remained for her only the terrible life of the Hindu widow: her jewels would be taken from her, and her portion be that of the household drudge. But even now deliverance awaited her: as Chandi took her seat among the women, the widow fell forward beside her husband. The goddess of death and sickness had changed her lasting sorrows to a short and bitter one. The affrighted women raised a shrill outcry, and this was echoed below by the mourners. Then came a sudden silence, broken by the clatter of a horse's hoofs. Chandi looked from the narrow window, while the others, murmuring together, stooped over the sick woman. An Englishman rode up to the door, with a few men at his stirrup, calling for the master of the house. Some one whispered up the stair that the doctor had come, and the women pulled their cloths over their faces. The Englishman and his native assistant entered, and bent over the dead man. After a careful examination, and a few words together in an undertone, he turned to the sick woman and gave the others directions as to her treatment. As his spurs clinked on the

stairs their walls broke out afresh. He remounted and gave the old father brief orders as to the removal of his family, and destruction of house and clothing. At this the old man broke into bitter lamentation, and, as he lifted his voice, a faqir's yellow cloth glinted behind the sombre police uniforms.

"Victory to the goddess Káli!" shouted the faqir. "The plague is on the city! Hail to the goddess of death!" As he cried aloud the gloomy twilight seemed to fall more heavily, and to the eyes of many in the crowd below appeared the terrible goddess Káli, floating slowly through the gathering darkness: her many hands threatened the city, and the poised trident, drawn bow and flashing sword seemed directed at each beholder. Then the city stood distinct in a blinding flash of lightning, and rolling thunder drowned the lamentation of the women.

"Behold the arrow of the goddess!" cried the faqir, and the crowd turned and fled.

Day by day the people died and the city emptied. In the house in the Bird-catcher's lane of the railway folk only Rám Dás and Chandi remained. In the big room looking over the street the dancing-girl still sang and laughed. The young pair could not flee the scourge, for, chilled with fear, Chandi had lain many days sick after the vision in the Cowherd's lane. But Rám Dás had propitiated the gods of his fathers, and, lest sacrifice should be in vain, Chandi bore the desired son, though the glory of her motherhood was dimmed, since none would rejoice with her. The streets were full of lamentation, and the women mourned their children. The empty and desolate house drove Chandi to take refuge by day, with the babe Kishna, in the rooms above Wazfri Begum's. The dancing-girl heard the babe's cries, and knew the child-mother lay often in the room above. To her she sometimes sent her maid Misri, and Chandi heard much of the great sickness, and every rumor of the bázár was winged with terror. Many believed the goddess Káli to be

distributing death among them: each roll of thunder bespoke her presence; every empty flash of summer lightning showed her hovering above the city. Some madly cried for the supreme sacrifice of human blood to appease the goddess; others muttered in the streets that it was the inscrutable will of the government to spread the disease; all bemoaned the destruction of household effects and household gods. The sick fled to places where they might die in peace, since death seemed certain. Meanwhile the English and their soldiers toiled unsparingly, searching out the sick, burning and burying the dead, and comforting the hale. But the plague swept through the old town, leaving whole quarters emptied by flight and death, for none can resist the will of the gods.

Through the empty house still rose the tinkle of strings and shrill laughter. None of the city women in Bombay had died, so why should death find the dancing-girl here, and she laughed at the unreasonable panic of her lovers. As Chandi began again to creep downstairs to the market and to the river, the babe Kishna on her hip, her supple figure swaying beneath his weight, the door of Waziri Begum's room sometimes opened, and she smiled kindly on the mother and her child. She, too, had been a mother and had lost her son—a child of love, born to her and returned. As she saw the child sucking at his mother's breast, the woman's heart softened at the thought of the son she had not weaned, and she went back to her cushioned window with moistened eyes.

It was now towards the end of spring, and the sickness had reached its full strength. Of Waziri Begum's lovers, two were dead. Then she, too, felt the sickness on her, and her heart failed at the thought of the white men and their hospitals. Had not all the bázár said that the English had bade their doctors let none leave the hospitals alive? All knew there was a price paid for each one killed. Some believed that the sick were poisoned, many that their end was hastened; for those who were cured departed with their families, and the

bázár rumor ran unchecked. Many in their first pangs had crawled on board the river-boats and escaped the ever-present terrors, carrying swift death with them. None could escape by road, for the villagers watched all outlets. The railway was closed to the sick, though here and there a man was smuggled through, packed amongst the bales in some long, slow, moving train, only to be taken out dead or dying before he reached his home.

On the second day of the dancing-girl's sickness, towards evening, Rám Dás, sitting at his window, heard a man sobbing in her room. He crept down to hear what new evil this was, and peered in at the door, which stood ajar. One of his fellow-clerks, a handsome young Mohammedan, in silk vest and loose trousers, sat weeping and rocking his body to and fro. Waziri Begum, who was lying propped up on some chintz-covered cushions, was cursing him and the mother that bore him—a coward.

"It would be easy," she said, "to any but a miserable coward. Have Mohumda's boat at the river road. Thou shalt drive me down in the accountant's cart." Here she paused for breath; then she continued, with a voice full of anger and passion, "We would land far up the river, and I would have lived with thee forever; but thou art a hound and an infidel. Be no more love of mine!"

To this abuse Futteh Khan made no reply, and continued to weep despondently. Then the maid Misri, a woman of forty, with the face and temper of a fiend, took up the tale. "Did Futteh Khan wish to see his mistress killed with medicines, and all her beautiful clothes destroyed? Did not all know of the doctor sahibs, who had made the sickness in bottles and carried it to Agra? Might God destroy them!"

The dancing-girl turned restlessly and asked for water. Then, turning to her lover, she said, "Oh! miserable one and bare-hearted! what fearest thou? Save me, and I will marry thee; that which thou hast so long desired, I will do. Am I less beautiful than when thy son lay

in my arms? Come thou with me and we will live happily; have I not money enough and to spare?" For the woman loved life and her lover too. As he yet remained silent her temper changed, and she cried, "Must we two women chase thee from the door with slippers? What thou wilt neither do for love nor gold, shall not shame compel thee? Art thou yet a man? Must I make a song that the city women may sing of Futteh Khan the coward?"

Then again her scorn changed to grief, and she cried bitterly, "Would that my son had lived! Then thou wouldest have saved the boy and his mother."

Futteh Khan's spirit resented the contempt of his mistress, but his flesh was weak. Yet the dancing-girl had borne him a son, and he loved her: more, being a spendthrift, he was covetous of money and of ease, and his mistress could give him both. Her fee for dancing at the marriage of a noble had been counted in thousands, and all would be his. What contempt and love alone could not effect, avarice did, and brought his resolution to the sticking-point. He rose and wiped his eyes on the skirt of his silk coat.

"Heart's-ease," he sobbed, "I am thy slave, and do thy bidding. Get thee ready, and I will do all."

He went out blear-eyed and stumbling, and Rám Dás, snatching at his sleeve, said, "We long sat on the same bench at school, and in office, and my uncle has often befriended thee. Let us too go in the boat."

From within the woman cried with a horrid laugh, "Yes, let them come; I will teach Chandi the song of the chain."

Now Rám Dás's heart was as troubled waters, for all the horrors he had seen, still more had heard. His choice lay between flight and loss of all employment, or certain death. But the taunt sent him round on his heel: as he turned to go the alley rang with the cry of the old faqir—"Victory to the goddess Káli." Even as the cry rang out and the empty house re-echoed with "Jai! Jai! Káli-ji ky Jai!" Rám Dás felt the sudden presence of the goddess.

He feared to look lest the arrow should quit the bow, or the spinning quoit cleave the air: an unseen death were better. His resolution failed him ere the cry had died away, and he sprang back after the Mohammedan. As he turned he saw the shadow of some great flying thing run before him across the courtyard, but he dared not raise his eyes.

Futteh Khan had already reached the gateway, but called over his shoulder, "If thou wishest it, be at the riverside at sunset."

The young clerk turned and went trembling up the stairs. At his coming Chandi rose and held out the crowing child to his father. As they dandled the child, and he felt the warm pressure of his wife's hand on his own, life seemed doubly sweet and worthy of an effort. But at her husband's first words of flight the child, for she was but fourteen, fell to bitter weeping. For what god would protect them on such a journey when no astrologer had fixed the favorable moment for starting, nor had the god of travellers been propitiated? Little by little her tears ceased as Rám Dás hid his own depression and pictured her a calm and easy journey, with the sight of their home-city at last. Then husband and wife packed such small belongings as they could carry in a couple of sheets, and waited for the sun to touch the western house-tops.

At last the hour came, and the streets fell into shadow. Rám Dás carried the child and one bundle, and his wife the other. As they passed the half-open door, they saw the dancing-girl lying in the bow-window on a heap of cushions. Her blue-black hair was drawn tightly over the forehead into a heavy plait behind, and a rose was placed behind her ear. Her drawn face was covered with rice-powder, and her eyelids blackened. In sharp contrast to the yellow tinge her clear skin had taken, were her pink palms and purple-dyed nails. Jewels covered her head and neck, while her short velvet jacket was buttoned with heavy turquoise studs. The room was strewn with stiff brocaded silks and beautiful shawls, and the maid Misri

was engaged in packing the glistening ornaments, that lay in heaps upon the floor, in the waistband of her dress. Beside his mistress, under a flaming picture of a royal prince, sat Futtéh Khan, and, fan in hand, bent over the sick woman. As he saw the young pair, nodding to Rám Dás, he cried, "Do not go near the boat till we come."

They turned out of the house door into the silent lane—Chandi sobbing quietly, for she had spent many happy days, and her child had been born in the little dark room under the roof. As they went down the steps the great Guru, from his painted scene, seemed to look sardonically from beneath his heavy eyebrows at the fugitives. At the corner of the alley Chandi paused to place a small offering on the shrine of the kind god Ganesh, whose trunk had received but little vermillion staining from the pious since Káli had commenced her work of destruction. Then they pressed forward by narrow and deserted lanes towards the river-side. Here and there the great red cross marked the empty houses of the dead. Many of the houses stood shining in the light of the setting sun, where the search parties had covered the walls with lime, and broken roofs and thrown-down walls marked the fight against the plague. Once they passed a narrow lane of miserable huts, the mouth barred by a great wall of mud, and passed shuddering, for there the fell goddess had raged her worst, and men called it "the lane of death." At last they reached the river-side, and turned into a little house that stood empty, some hundred paces from the quay itself. While they paused, like guilty creatures, in the doorway, the air was torn with a shrill whistle, and the mail-train thundered through the girderage, passing northwards towards their own far city. Chand's tears broke forth again, and Kishna set up a loud wail. At this the girl snatched him from her husband, and bared her breast. The half-naked babe fell into his usual state of quiet content, looking like some bronze figure of an infant god.

The breeze had fallen, and the heavy river seemed to roll more sluggishly, its

snow-fed waters forming little whirl-pools at each pier-foot. The boat they were to embark in lay at the quay-side pitching uneasily, and its master sat perched upon the bow like some great bird of prey. About a pistol-shot below hung a second boat, moored by the head, with the heavy sail across the small deck-house.

As the houses opposite began to throw their shadows across the river, Rám Dás heard the rattle of wheels. The accountant's cart clattered past and up the river road. The dancing-girl was sitting upright by sheer power of will, though the rice-powder could not disguise the pallor of her face. The cart passed a second time in a cloud of dust, and Ram Dás saw the forehead of Futtéh Khan was wrinkled with fear and the sweat pouring from beneath his muslin turban. The cart stopped at the boat, and the mat-sail on the second boat moved slightly. As the pony came to a stand-still the maid, who was wedged into the groom's seat behind, raised her hand to her face and coughed twice. Wazír Begum, with a final effort, reached the ground and walked across the short gangway, followed by Futtéh Khan. As Rám Dás turned from the window towards his wife he heard a shrill whistle, followed by a wild shriek, and sprang back again. There, as if by magic, were police on the quay and on the boat. From under the mat on the second boat protruded the keen face of the English policeman, his syren whistle still moaning between his teeth.

Hurried steps drove Rám Dás into hiding, and the next moment Futtéh Khan, holding Misri by the wrist, entered the house door and turned into the room opposite them. The rooms lay in deep shadow, and the falling dusk hid the young couple. For a moment Wazír Begum's shrill cries to her lover for rescue continued. Then there came a sudden silence, and Rám Dás, peering cautiously out, saw she was being carried off in a deathlike stupor. The noise of the constables in pursuit of the fugitives drove him back to his corner, and he crouched, holding his breath, while

Chandi had sunk quietly down, hugging her precious burden. Soon the noise of the chase died away, and the men's halloas became fainter.

From the room opposite came first a faint whisper, and then a low murmur. The young clerk turned an ear towards the doorway. The others seemed to have no suspicion there was any one in the empty house. Futteh Khan's voice rose fiercely, "So, it was you, woman?"

"I have been slipped long enough," returned the maid with equal fierceness: "yes, I told the police."

"Share the plunder," said the other, "or thou shalt die in the English hospitals."

"But," asked the woman, trembling with rage and fear, "where can we fly? What use to share if both must perish?"

"To the Saint's garden without the city—there are people there, and the English have not found it. But share first, she-devil, or—" and Rám Dás heard the noise of a knife drawn from its leatheren sheath.

For a short space neither spoke, but the heavy clink of metal betrayed the transfer of the jewels to the hard floor. Darkness was falling rapidly, and the brief twilight had almost vanished. There was a faint smell of sulphur, and the glimmer of a match showed Futteh Khan and Misri kneeling by the heap of jewels. His knife, ready to his hand, lay beside the pile, and the light danced on its snake-like blade.

"Stay, Misri," he said; "why wait to divide when the police may come on us at any moment? To-morrow we will share, for to-night I will keep all."

As he spoke, the match burnt down to his fingers and he dropped it with a curse. Another commenced spluttering at once; but Rám Dás had heard the quick ring of a woman's bangles, and, as the match burned up, he saw the maid's arm rise and fall. On the instant her quick pant was followed by the thud of the knife driven home, and Futteh Khan rolled over sideways without a cry. The light went out, and in the darkness the woman chuckled devilishly. On Rám Dás's brow the cold sweat broke out, but he thrust one hand

on Chandi's mouth and checked her rising scream. They waited motionless while the jingle of the ornaments showed the maid was recovering her booty. This was followed by the soft shuffle of her slippers, and she passed out into the night.

The young clerk, in all haste, seized both bundles and fled the house; Chandi, with the sleeping child thrown astride her hip, ran stumbling after. They ran like wild things, up one lane and down others, seemingly for an eternity. Once they halted for breath in a deserted quarter where every house seemed haunted with the spectres of the dead. Even as they paused a flickering street-lamp flared up and showed the plague cross on the doors behind them, and the fear of death spurred them forward. Once and again as they entered some dark lane a door closed noisily. It might have been the wind, the hiders from the plague, or the remorseless thieves, who haunted the empty quarters, but fear of the unknown drove them on. Once, as they crouched for breath in the dark gateway of an old shrine, the slow footfall of some heavy beast set their hearts quaking. As they clung closely to each other the fall of its hoofs grew louder and louder, mingled with the clash of arms. At last the beast came close, and the young clerk saw it was a huge buffalo, sacred to the goddess of death, with heavy curling horns and ash-colored front. Round its neck hung a heavy chain, and its great bones protruded through the blue-black hide. As the noiseless summer lightning lit the darkness, Rám Dás looked and seemed to behold the dire goddess herself, seated on her sacred animal. Then Rám Dás could support his fears no longer, and buried his face in his wife's skirt. The great beast snuffed the taint of man, and, amidst the ring of steel, broke into a heavy gallop. When the young clerk raised his head again the lane was empty. Chandi, half-fainting with terror and fatigue, crouched beside him, her face buried in her hands. So they lay waiting desperately, for what they knew not.

At last the heavy tramp of soldiers

and the glimmer of lights drove them down a dark alley and into the first house for shelter. The door stood wide open, but the odor of mortality within was all-penetrating. The steady foot-fall of the search-party grew louder and then passed into a distant throbbing. Over the hills rose the yellow disc of the moon, and threw her light between the tall houses. Rám Dás peered up and down, but the alley was deserted, and there was no sign of life. Neither Chandi nor he could continue their flight, and the house seemed a safe place of refuge in which to rest their wearied limbs. The child Kishna slept cradled in his mother's lap. The young clerk crept cautiously up the stairway to the first landing and stood to listen. At first he could hear nothing but the faint murmur of the river and the subdued roar of the half-city beyond it. Then the thousand noises that haunt deserted places filled his ears. Every story of the demons and ghouls that had terrified him in his childhood rose vividly in his memory. As he felt his way his hand touched a small lamp in the wall-niche, and this he lighted. The landing he had reached led into the common eating-room of a Hindu family. In one corner stood the separate cooking-places of its subdivisions, by generations and by marriage, with the cooking-pots still on the dead hearth. Account-books, women's finery, spinning-wheels and uncooked food lay untouched and scattered on the floor. Here the goddess must have plied her weapons with swift and unsparing suddenness. Above the noise of window-shutters in the wind, and the creaking timbers in the floors, came, mingled with his wife's faint sobs, the whimpering cry of a young child in the room above. A lamp lay in the wall-niche, and this he lit. Climbing slowly up the winding stair, smooth and greasy with the touch of naked feet, he came on a level with a small window, and a puff of wind extinguished the light. He stepped into the room he had reached and stumbled over something. The cry of the child came weakly, but from the room itself. Relighting the lamp with shaking fingers,

he found himself in the midst of the dead. Around him lay nine bodies, and on one, that of a young and handsome woman, lay a year-old child clinging at his dead mother's breast. Fear again took Rám Dás by the shoulder and hurled him in flight down the steps.

The same besetting fear drove him to drag wife, child and bundles into the street, Chandi clinging, helpless, to his skirt, just as she had three years gone by, when they paced round the marriage-fire. Through the dark maze of lanes and alleys the wearied pair resumed their flight, he ever looking over his shoulder to see that the dread goddess had not already overtaken them. As the midnight call to prayer sounded from some minaret, they found themselves without the city. Before them lay the dome of the shrine of Pir Murád Shah, with its sapphire tiles and sleeping pigeons, in the midst of a garden filled with crested date-palms. Within the enclosure stood a small group of rude huts. The nearest was empty, and, without let or hindrance, the clerk and his wife, with the child between them, threw themselves upon the beaten floor. Leaden-eyed with fatigue, and burdened with fear, deep sleep came on them.

With the spear-high sun throwing a checkered pattern on the floor of the hut, Rám Dás awoke to dismal reflection. Thirst was his chief sensation, and, rousing Chandi, they went out of their little shelter. Outside, at the doors of their huts, sat a dozen men and as many women and children. To one side, beneath the palms, lay two bodies, awaiting the funeral pyre. The men rose and came towards the new-comers, but, reassured by their looks and the child Chandi carried, they gave the customary greeting. The young mother fell into quiet talk with the women, their children playing happily in the sun. The men sat separately, and Rám Dás was soon admitted into their confidence. Most were of his own caste, and traders of the city. The colony had existed some weeks without discovery or sickness. Water they drew from the well by the shrine, from which the faqir

had long since fled. Food was obtained from the city, but their last messenger had brought the plague, and he it was, with his wife, who lay dead beneath the palms. They feared to burn the bodies lest the smoke should bring discovery, for they cooked only at night, and extinguished their fires by sunrise. Flight they thought impossible, so dead and alive must lie together till the end should come. They should at least die peacefully among their own folk. Both their voices and movements betrayed a listless despondency, and they looked skywards, as though they feared to see the goddess of death riding in mid-air above them.

When the sun stood highest, the little group were suddenly alarmed by the approach of a woman to the garden. Before anything could be done the dancing-girl's maid stumbled into the enclosure. The instinct of the dying animal had driven her to this hidden lair to die in. The plague had stamped itself upon her, and her face was that of a living corpse. The blood of the dead man stained her sleeve, and her thick hair, unknotted and grey with dust, hung over her face, veiling the wolfish eyes. Her unsteady gait and incoherent murmuring showed the end was not far off. Amongst these folk, biding the death they saw before them, there was no charity or help for this outcaste creature. Though none stopped her, no hand was stretched to help her; but Chandi, moved with pity, placed a pot of water and a little cup beside her, as she lay in an empty hut next to their own.

Thus passed the heavy day, each looking at his neighbor askance, as if he should read the news of his own sickness in the other's face. Towards evening one of the women and two children lay dying. The others seemed stricken with helpless indifference, but the mother of the children wept piteously for the love she bore them. With night-fall one of the men turned his face to the hut-wall and awaited death.

While the thick night hid the plague-stricken city, Rám Dás lay meditating plans for the future. Even if they

escaped he had no hopes of re-employment. His wife's jewels were worth little, and his own capital already spent on his education. His father was dead and his wife's kinsfolk poor. Without capital he could not trade, and his desperation of employment under government would prevent his regaining it. To escape the present horrors was the first thing to attempt. Even for that to be possible he needed money. As he tossed uneasily the chink and ring of heavy ornaments seemed to fill his ear. The glimmer of the match and the falling arm, followed by the thud of the knife, were ever in his mind. He could still see the shadow of the woman dancing on the rough-cast wall, as her arm swiftly rose and fell. After all, an hour's life was little to one who has past all thought of it. He need not strike unless she struggled. With money all things were possible, and the tenth part of the jewels in Misri's waist-cloth would help them to safety.

Rám Dás stripped to his loin-cloth and crawled towards the maid's hut. In his teeth he carried a small clasp-knife, bought for a few coppers in the bázár. As he gained the doorway he paused to listen. It was near midnight, and the ground was black with the heavy shadows thrown by the tall palms. He felt he was unseen, and crept forward. He could hear no sound of breathing, and knew the woman must be dead. Groping in the darkness, his hand suddenly struck her body, and the subtle odor of decay filled his nostrils—for the plague rots its dead within the hour. He drew back as if he had touched a snake; then the remembrance of the wealth within her waistband drew him forward. With a quick stroke of his knife he opened the cloth and collected the jewels, leaving it empty beneath the body. Then, naked, with the heavy ornaments wrapped in his loin-cloth, he turned to crawl back to the hut.

As he reached the door the space within the circle of huts seemed filled with light. He rose to his knees and sat back upon his haunches. It could not be moonlight since the palm shad-

ows had disappeared. Even as he looked the goddess Káli faced him, with arrow drawn to the head. The huge beast that carried her stood with his white frontlet turned towards Rám Dás, and a sombre fire seemed to burn in his great onyx eyes. While the young clerk looked, the bow twanged, and he fell on his face insensible. As the false dawn broke into the dull red of the real, Rám Dás found himself lying face downwards in the dust, the Jewels beside him. He shivered in the cool breeze that came through the rustling under-growth, and crawled slowly into the hut, where he buried the jewels in a corner. There he lay, half dreaming and half awake, his wife and child sleeping soundly by him. He felt that his crime had been in vain, and that death awaited him.

The dusky sun shining through the haze of dust saw three dead besides the maid. Rám Dás said nothing of his theft to Chandi, but spent the day in feverish dreams of escape. All the colony, day in and day out, reckoned up every avenue of escape, finding each in turn barred and their attempts useless. Mid-day found one more child dead and a woman stricken—the mother of the two children; they had died before dawn. As evening came again Rám Dás could see no way of escape, and his trouble seemed to lie heavier on him. By midnight he was devoured with thirst and his body full of a consuming fire. With morning the man had almost disappeared, and Chandi sat soothing a desperate, maddened creature, fighting against the plague. He could still move and speak, but the sickness grew exceedingly heavy. The group of huts now held eight dead and as many sick. The frightened remnant sat waiting for their hour. Chandi, full of love for the father of her child, nursed him with tender kindness.

As the sun fell toward the sea the goddess struck her trident on the ground, and there remained but six alive. Then, as twilight fell, there came a shrill alarm. Chandi, looking into the falling darkness, saw mounted

white men and native soldiers. The discovery, feared more than death itself, had come upon them. Rám Dás, aroused by his wife's screams, crawled from his hut to a tree, and, wrapping a cloth about his head, became absorbed in the study of the little copy of black-lettered scriptures. Chandi, with the child at her breast, sat beside him, her heart torn with fear for her husband. The rest had fled hastily from the grove, but were met by others of the search party and led back. The two Englishmen rode in, and the doctor, swinging himself wearily from the saddle, fell to examining the remnant that remained alive. As he came to Rám Dás, the pious student became so absorbed that he neither felt his approach nor heard his question. The sick man's mind burned with dread lest he should be taken to the hospital to die, separated from his wife and child. He kept himself upright with an effort, but the hand of a native soldier on his shoulder forced him to look the doctor in the face.

The Englishman turned with a look of pity, and cried to the stretcher-bearers, "This one also." On the sound of his voice, Rám Dás, with a surprising vigor, half born of delirium, threw his arms about his wife and child, and forced her naked breast against his and the child's body against his own. That which was his in life should not be separated from him in death. Then his grasp relaxed, and he fell unconscious to the ground.

From beyond the date-palms rose the faqir's cry, "Victory to the goddess Káli!" and night fell amidst the clattering of the shafts in her quiver, as the goddess turned, seeking new quarry.

J. G. CROSTHWAITE.

From Longman's Magazine.
THE SEASON OF THE YEAR.

A year is, roughly speaking, the period which it takes the earth to perform one complete revolution round the sun. I say "roughly speaking" with

due humility, having the fear of the expert ever before my eyes, because I know that if I do not sing small, that inconvenient person, the astronomical critic, will come down upon me at once like a wolf on the fold, with minute distinctions about the mean, the tropical and the sidereal year; matters of immense importance at Greenwich Observatory, no doubt, but elsewhere of very little interest indeed, seeing that they differ from one another by so many minutes only. Let us leave the astronomers their own problems. The year with which I am going to deal humbly here is a much more commonplace, ordinary and comprehensible year—the visible year of vegetation, of plant and animal life, of the four seasons; the year as roughly known to children and savages, and to the weeds, the flowers, the bees and the squirrels.

It has often struck me as curious that people took this complex concept of the year so much for granted—Inquired so little into its origin and discovery. Yet it is by no means everywhere obvious. How did men first come to notice, in the tropics especially, that there was such a thing as the year at all? How did they first observe, save in our frozen north, any fixed sequence or order in the succession of nature? How did they learn, even here, that spring would infallibly follow winter, and summer be succeeded in due course by autumn? And, to go a step farther back, how did the plants and animals, in all parts of the world alike, come originally to discover and adapt themselves to all these things? How did the bee know that she must "gather honey all the day from every opening flower," the summer through, in order to use it up as bodily fuel in winter? How did the plants learn when to blossom and produce seed? In one word, how did the seasons come to be automatically recognized?

That they *are* automatically recognized, even by plants, quite apart from the stimulus of heat or cold, drought or rain, a single fact (out of many like it)

will sufficiently prove. Trees brought from Australia to England, where the seasons are reversed, try for two or three years to put forth leaves and flowers in October or November—the southern spring. It takes them several autumns before they learn that the year has been turned upside down—that June is now summer and December winter. This shows that life moves in regular cycles, adapted to the seasons, but not directly dependent upon them. The rhythm of the world has set up an organic rhythm which now spontaneously and automatically follows it.

At first sight, to the dweller in the temperate zone at the present day, the questions I have put above may seem needless, not to say childish. But that is perhaps because we have all too much the habit of taking it for granted that what is true here and now has also been true everywhere and always. A first visit to the tropics often enough rudely disturbs this uninquiring attitude of mind. For in the tropics, and especially in the equatorial region, there is no winter and no summer, no spring and no autumn. The world wags wearily through an unending display of monotonous greenery. As far as temperature goes, the year is pretty much alike in all its months. Yet not only do equatorial men recognize the existence of the year as a natural epoch quite as much as other men—not only do equatorial savages celebrate annual feasts, count ages by years, and perform certain rites in certain months only—but also animal and vegetable nature recognizes the year; trees have their month for blossoming and fruiting, birds their month for assuming the plumage of courtship, for nesting and hatching, almost as markedly as elsewhere. The recognition of the year both by man and by nature is not therefore entirely dependent upon the difference of summer and winter, as such. We must go deeper, and I think, when we come to consider geological time, much deeper, if we wish to understand the true character of yearliness—a word

which I venture here to coin to express this meaning.

Have you ever quite realized what the tropical year is like? Suppose you are living on or near the equator, then in December the sun is south of you and at its greatest distance away; you have, so to speak, a relative winter. But in March the sun is overhead; it is now full midsummer. By the end of June the sun has gone north, and is once more on a tropic; you have a second winter; not much of a winter, I admit, but still, a relative winter. By September he has returned overhead again, and you are enduring a second summer. In December he has once more retreated to the southern tropic (Capricorn), and it is comparative winter. Thus the equatorial year consists of four distinct seasons, in two of which the sun stands directly overhead, while in two he is at his northern or southern limit. I may add that the effect is always curious when, as you face the sun, you see that he is moving in his diurnal path, not from left to right ("the way of the sun," as we say), but from right to left (or "widdershins"). You are never till then aware how natural and inevitable has seemed the opposite direction; when you find it reversed the effect is surprising.

Now, the distance to which the sun travels north or south of you, if you live on the equator—I use ordinary terms instead of astronomical ones for simplicity's sake—is so comparatively small that within the tropics themselves you never notice much difference as to the amount of heat between one period of the year and another. In equatorial countries the day and night temperature is much the same all the year round: if the country be plain it is always hot; if mountainous, like the district about Bogotá, it is "a perpetual spring;" one day is always much the same as the one that went before and the one that comes after it. Even on the actual tropics, again, the difference is too slight to make any marked change in the temperature; people liv-

ing on the northern tropic (Cancer), for example, have the sun vertical to them on June 21, and some forty-three degrees south of them on December 21. Nevertheless, the sun is still as near them and as powerful as he is at Milan or Venice in the height of summer; and the consequence is that, as a matter of fact, the thermometer within the tropics and at sea-level seldom descends below seventy-five degrees or eighty degrees, even at midnight in the relative winters. For the heating power of the sun depends, of course, upon the directness of his rays, and lessens with their obliquity; in Venice and Milan they are strong enough to make the ground very hot in July and August, though it has been cooled before by a northern winter; much more, then, in Jamaica or Madagascar, which have never been cooled, does the accumulated heat keep everything warm even when the sun is most oblique—and he never reaches the same obliquity as in an English summer. The ground is hot, the houses are hot, wood and stone are hot, and they have all been hot from time immemorial.

Yet tropical and equatorial trees and plants have their definite seasons to flower and fruit, just the same as elsewhere. This seems surprising at first when one visits the tropics. You cannot see why everything should not flower and fruit the whole year round. And yet, at one time pine-apples are "in," at another, mangoes. And these seasons differ in the northern and southern hemispheres; what is mango-winter in the one being mango-summer in the other. I do not say the seasons anywhere in the tropics differ markedly; still, they do differ; the tropical year is divided into times and months for agriculture just as much as any other. Thus there are regular dates in each hemisphere for planting, tending and cutting the sugar-cane. Now, what is the reason of these changes in vegetation, when temperature remains so constant? Why do not trees and shrubs of each kind flower up and down

throughout the year irregularly—now one individual and now another? Why are there seasons for things at all in the tropics?

The answer is, because the same causes which produce summer and winter in temperate climates produce other changes of other sorts in the tropical region. The temperature, it is true, remains the same, or approximately the same; but the meteorological conditions vary. Even with ourselves, summer is not only hotter but also drier than winter; winter is marked by rain and snow as well as by lowered temperature. In the tropics, on the other hand, it is rather the summer or summers that are wet, for there is a certain moving zone of equatorial calms in which it practically keeps on raining always. But the zone is not fixed; it flits with the sun. When the sun goes northward for the northern summer the rainy zone goes with him; when he turns southward again the zone shifts after him. Thus places on or near the two tropics have one rainy season a year, while places on the equator have usually two. The intervening dry seasons are very often dry and parched, indeed; and where this is markedly the case, the rainy season acts just as spring does in the north, or as the inundation does in Egypt: it is the beginning of vegetation. The plants that were dry and dormant during the arid months wake up into fresh life; the branches put forth new leaves; the brown seeds germinate; the flowers appear; and in due time the fruit ripens. Everything in these cases depends upon the recurrence of the rainy season, just as everything in India depends upon the bursting of the monsoons, and everything in Egypt on the rising of the Nile. I have seen a dry plain in Jamaica bare and brown one day, and covered six or eight inches high with fresh green waving guinea-grass the day but one after. The rains had come meanwhile, and nature had awaked with more than spring-like awakening. In those hot climates everything grows

by magic as soon as it gets the needed water.

Indeed, we may say that in half the world the seasons, organically speaking—I mean, the seasons of plant and animal life—depend upon heat and cold, summer and winter, snow or sunshine; but in the other half they depend almost entirely upon drought and rainfall. Even as near home and as far north as Algeria, the summer is far too dry and dusty for agriculture; the autumn rains set in about October or November; they are immediately followed by the ploughing; and the winter becomes for most purposes the practical summer. Fruits and vegetables are at their best in January and February; the fields are full of flowers up to March or April; in June, July and August the country is an arid and weary desert. But the seasons for dates are almost reversed; they ripen in autumn. In Egypt again, where everything depends upon the inundation, the seasons are still more complicated; the inundation begins to subside in October; in Upper Egypt the winter season which follows is far the most important for agriculture, and crops sown as the water subsides are reaped from four to seven months after. But in the Delta, rice, cotton and indigo are sown in the spring (March or April) and harvested in October, November and December. Here, irrigation and temperature come in as disturbing elements, for the Delta feels something of the cold of winter.

I could give many other instances, but these will suffice. As a general rule, we may say that in the temperate and frigid zones the seasons for plants and animals are ruled by heat and cold, but that in tropical and even in sub-tropical climates, rainfall and drought, themselves largely due to the same circumstances, are the ruling factors.

Again, everybody knows that winter and summer, and the other phenomena which simulate or accompany them, such as wet and dry seasons, depend upon the fact that the earth's axis is not perpendicular to the plane in which

the earth moves round the sun, but slightly inclined to it. Now, a year in itself, viewed as a measure of time, is merely the period which it takes the earth to perform one such complete revolution. During one-half of each such revolution the north pole is turned at a considerable angle towards the sun, and during the other half, the south pole. When the north pole is so turned we call it summer in the northern hemisphere; when the south pole is being favored, and the north is receiving less light and heat, we call it winter. Let us suppose for a moment that the earth had not got this twist or kink in its axis; that the equator was always presented exactly towards the sun; what then would happen? Obviously, there would be no change of seasons. The day and night would have fixed lengths which never varied; climate would in each place be uniform and, barring accidents of elevation or distribution of land and water, the climate of each place would also depend entirely the whole year round on its distance from the equator. Roughly speaking, the temperature of a district would be the temperature it now possesses in March and September, only not quite so cold as March nor so warm as September, owing to the absence of accumulated heat from summer or of reserves of ice and snow from winter. In one word, under such conditions there would have been climates—marked belts of climate; but there would not have been seasons.

Seasons, however, depend in great part, as Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace has ingeniously shown, on a great many things besides this mere inclination of one end or the other of the earth towards the sun in June and January. Much must be laid to the count of accumulated stores of heat or cold; and though accumulated cold is physically a misnomer, still for all practical purposes we may apply the words fairly enough to the ice-caps of the pole and the glaciers of mountain systems. And here we come face to face with the very core of our problem; for the odd part of

it is that seasons (at least as we know them) seem to be quite a recent and exceptional phenomenon in the history of our planet. So far as we can judge, geologically speaking, the earth during all its earlier life enjoyed, over all its surface, what we should now consider tropical or sub-tropical conditions. England—or rather the land that occupied the part of the earth's crust where England now stands—had a vegetation of huge tree-ferns and palms and cycads during the primary period; as late even as the middle tertiaries it had a vegetation like that of South Carolina or Upper India. Greenland itself, in quite recent times, flourished like a green bay tree, and did not belie its odd modern name. The world as a whole enjoyed perpetual summer. In one word, except in something like the equatorial sense, there were practically no seasons. The sun went north and south, no doubt, as now, but the temperature, even in the relative winter, seems to have remained perennially mild and genial.

It is true, occasional slight traces of glacial epochs, earlier than the great and well-known glacial epoch, break here and there the almost continuous geological record of palmy and balmy world-wide summers; yet, taking the geological monuments as a whole, they show us few or no signs of anything worth calling a serious winter till quite recent periods. Large-leaved evergreens are still, in the day-before-yesterday of geology, the order of the day; magnolias and liquidambars, cinnamons and holly-oaks, vines and rotang-palms, formed the forests even of miocene Britain. The animals during all the tertiary period were of what we now regard as tropical or sub-tropical types—lions, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, monkeys, or more antique races, equally southern in aspect. There could have been little change of winter and summer during this long warm spell; the variations can have been scarcely more than those of dry and rainy seasons. The trees never lost their leaves; the

fruits and flowers never ceased to follow one another; no interruption of the food-supply drove insects to hibernate in their silken cocoons, or squirrels and bears to lay by stores of food or fat for the cold and hungry winter.

Nevertheless, taking the world round as it stands, we must believe that the distinction of seasons grew up, both for plants and animals and for man or his ancestors, during this age of relatively unmarked summers and winters. For the tropics more than anywhere else preserve for us to-day the general features and aspect of this earlier time; they have never had the continuity of their stream of life rudely interrupted by the enormous changes of the glacial epoch. Yet, even in the tropics, things, as we saw, have seasons. There are annuals and perennials there, as elsewhere. Each kind has its month for sprouting, for flowering, for fruiting, for shedding its seed; and men in the tropics, some of them long isolated in oceanic islands, or in great insulated regions like Australia or New Guinea, from the rest of their kind in the temperate regions, nevertheless know and observe the year, and perform all their functions, agricultural or religious, by yearly cycles. For example, there is among them all an annual feast for the dead, and widows mourn their husbands for one year from their burial. Observation of the year, therefore, both automatically by organisms at large and consciously by man, antedates and is independent of observation of the existence of summer or winter.

I do not think, however, that man would have noted the merely astronomical year—the year of the sun's position—at least till a relatively late stage in culture, if he had not first noticed the organic year—the regular recurrence of plant and animal seasons. So many yams—that is to say, so many yam-harvests—in other words, so many years, is a common savage way of reckoning times and ages. But they call it "yams," not summers or winters. And when I say yams, I give that merely as

a single instance, for elsewhere the "seed-time and harvest" are reckoned indifferently in maize or millet, rice or barley, according to the agriculture of the particular people. Even hunting races know that at certain times of year certain foods abound; and this is true of equatorial savages and equatorial plants or animals, as well as of others.

Moons are more obvious measures of time than suns, in the tropics at least—probably everywhere; for the waxing and waning of the moon mean much to people who live largely out of doors; and the month is, perhaps, the earliest fixed mode of reckoning time beyond a day or two. Most savages count time mainly by so many moons. But they must also have noticed early that after a certain number of moons (usually about thirteen), certain fruits or seeds were ripe again; especially must they have noticed it when this recurrence coincided with the return of the rainy season, or of some other annual meteorological phenomenon, like the bursting of the monsoon or the Nile inundation. Thus, even in the tropics, and before the coming on of the glacial epoch, men or the ancestors of men (one cannot draw precise lines here) must probably have observed a certain rough relation between the months and the vegetative cycles; after so many moons, about say thirteen, the yams, or the mangoes, or the grains, are ripe again. These organic years, I take it, must have been noticed before the astronomical ones. For it is now beginning to be more and more believed that man is of pre-glacial origin; and even if something worth calling a man were not, then at least man's pre-human ancestors go back far into the tertiary period. Only later would men begin to note that some thirteen moons, and the recurrence of a food-stuff, concurred with a particular solar season.

Indeed, if one comes to think of it, how much even now do any of us, save the most scientific, mean by the year, beyond the visible change of summer

and winter? What we are thinking of is the leafless trees, the ice and snow, the green grass in spring, the flowers and warm days in summer, not the abstract astronomical fact of the earth's revolution round the sun, or the due succession of the signs of the zodiac. It is that visible organic year that must have counted most with man from the first; though no doubt its meaning and reality are much more vividly present since the coming on of the glacial epoch, and the more so in proportion as we live nearer to the north or south pole; while at the equator the year is to the last a much more inconspicuous period—a largely artificial mode of reckoning.

Still, from the very first, there was one element of diversity in the year which must have struck all men, in the temperate and frigid zones at least, perhaps even in a certain way in the tropics. I mean the varying length of the day, always perceptible in the frigid and temperate zones; for as soon as men in these regions began to think and to observe at all, they must have noticed that the days increased in their summer, and lessened in their winter; and they must have learned to correlate this waxing and waning of the day with the appearance or abundance of certain fruits, seeds, birds, fishes, game, roots and other food-stuffs. It is at least certain that, all the world over, men do now celebrate the solstices and the equinoxes as special feasts; and the close similarity in most such celebrations leads one to suspect that the custom has been handed down from the very remote time when the human family was still a single continuous body.

In the tropics, it is true, the days vary so little that this difference in itself is not likely to have struck primeval man. But there, another point would come in—the annual movement of the sun overhead from south to north and *vice versa*; and though this would be less directly important to human life than in temperate regions, it would still be indirectly important. It would bring

the rain with it. In Europe, of course, and in temperate America, we can see at once that the return of the sun northward must always have meant spring, the increase of food-stuffs, the promise of corn or maize, the suggestion of harvest; and we can therefore understand why the midwinter feast, when the sun after his long journey south begins to move visibly north again, should have been both in pagan and Christian times the great festival of rejoicing for the men of the north temperate region. Day by day they saw the sun recede and the cold deepen; at last, one evening, he sets a little nearer, and they know that he has not deserted them forever. Similarly, the promise made at Yule begins to be realized at that other great feast of the spring equinox, which we still call in England by its ancient heathen title of Easter; the day by that time has got the better of the night, and "the sun dances on Easter Sunday" in commemoration of his completed victory over the combined powers of winter and darkness. In the tropics, on the other hand, the connection is less clear; but even here the shifting of the sun's apparent place is closely correlated with the shifting of the rain-zone; and therefore it would not be long (after man was man) before tropical savages began to perceive a constant relation between the movements of the sun to north or south, and the occurrence of the fertilizing rainy season. We must remember that savages, with their impudent habits, are much more dependent upon rain than we are, and that magical ceremonies for breaking up a drought are among their commonest and most universally diffused superstitions.

On the whole, then, before the coming on of the glacial epoch, we may be pretty sure that plants and animals on the one hand had learned organically and automatically to recognize the existence of the year and to adapt themselves to it; and that men or the progenitors of men on the other hand had also learned to correlate the recurrent seasons of

food supply with the movements of the sun, though nothing equivalent to winter and summer as we know them to-day existed as yet on any part of our planet. I say advisedly "on any part of our planet," because even near the pole itself remains of a sub-tropical vegetation in tertiary times have been amply indicated. Nevertheless, in all parts of the world then, as in the tropics now, we may gather that plants and animals ran through annual cycles—that the year, as I have put it, was organically recognized. Trees had their times to sprout, to bud, to flower, to fruit, to seed, to shed their leaves (in the evergreen way); birds had their time to nest and hatch out their young; insects had their fixed periods for laying, for larval life, for assuming the chrysalis form, for becoming winged beetles or bees or butterflies. In one word, the year is a terrestrial reality, not merely an astronomical fact, in the tropics now; it was a terrestrial reality over the whole planet in the tertiary period. But it was hardly more marked, apparently, into distinct seasons than it is marked to-day in the equatorial region. Rainfall and drought must have had more to do in determining the annual cycles than winter and summer.

From all this it must result that the conception of the year as an epoch at all (save for advanced astronomy) is almost or entirely due to that tilt of the earth's axis which causes the seasons—dry or wet, cold or hot. Without the seasons, in one form or other, we might have been ages longer in discovering the fact that the earth moved round the sun, and that some 365 days (I omit those important fractions) were needed for its revolution. Certainly, without the seasons, at least to the extent that they occur in the tropics, plant and animal life could hardly have assumed its fixed annual cycles, nor could early men have caught at the idea of the year at all as a period of time, a unit of measurement.

Before the glacial epoch, in particular,

the discovery of the year, organically or consciously, must have been much more difficult than it is now in high latitudes. It must have been almost as difficult in what are now the temperate zones as it is to-day in the tropics. Far north or south, of course, the length of the day would tell; and within the arctic and antarctic circles the long night would form an unmistakable feature. But if the plane of the equator had always found itself vertical to the sun, there could have been no recognition of the year at all, either organic or conscious. In other words, from the point of view of organic life, the year does not mean the revolution of the earth round the sun: it means the apparent northward and southward movement of the sun on either side of the equator; it means the seasons, whether recognized as winter and summer, or as dry and wet periods. That is really the year as man knows it, as plants and animals have always known it.

With the coming on of the great cold spell, however, the importance of the seasons in the temperate and frigid zones, perhaps also even in the tropics, became much more marked. I will not here go into the suggested reasons for that vast revolution, perhaps the greatest our planet has ever suffered. Most physicists now accept more or less the theory put forward with great ingenuity by Mr. Croll, which sets it down to a period of extreme eccentricity in the earth's orbit; but some weight must also be allowed, as Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace has clearly shown, to the local arrangement of land and water on the globe at the time of its origin, as well as to the occurrence of mountain ranges just then at the poles, and to other purely terrestrial causes. Never before, in all probability, had the poles been occupied by great glacier-clad mountains. It seems most likely, indeed, that we are now practically at the end of the glacial epoch, and that if only we could once get rid of the polar ice-caps, which keep a stock of chilliness always laid

on (I speak the quite comprehensible language of everyday life), we might recur forthwith to the warm and almost imperceptible winters of the pre-glacial period. But, as things stand, the stock of ice at the poles never gets melted away in the existing northern or southern summer; fresh ice accumulates on top of the old mass with each winter; prevailing winds, blowing over this ice, chill regions lying much further towards the tropics; icebergs detach themselves and float off, thus lowering the temperature of the sea in the middle zones; arctic or antarctic currents spread round the coasts and absorb the solar heat in enormous quantities. We have only to remember the trenchant difference in England between a parching cold east wind and a mild sou'wester to realize what an immense part these polar ice-caps and frozen highlands play in the production of our existing winter. Alps, Pyrenees, Himalayas, Rocky Mountains, further assist in the same direction.

On the other hand, currents in the sea may cut either way; the Gulf Stream makes England warm, while the Arctic Current makes Labrador, much further south, practically uninhabitable.

Ever since the glacial epoch, therefore, it has been quite easy for man in the temperate and frigid zones to recognize the year as a natural reality. The annual cycles of heat and cold are far too marked to be overlooked by anybody. Organically, they made themselves felt at once by extraordinary changes induced in the fauna and flora. Before the steady advance of the annual cold wave, vegetation had perforce to alter its ways. The large-leaved evergreens went out altogether in frigid and high temperate regions; deciduous trees, or needle-leaved types like the pines and firs, took the place of the luxuriant miocene foliage in Europe and North America. Every autumn, the larger number of trees and shrubs learned to shed their leaves altogether; every spring they came out anew in

fresh green and in masses of blossom. Similarly with animals. Birds learned to migrate, or to accommodate themselves to the winter; insects learned to hibernate in the egg or the cocoon; pigs fattened themselves on mast against the frozen time; moles slept over winter; squirrels hoarded nuts for a store to bridge over heavy frosts; frogs retired to the warmer mud in the depths of ponds; adders coiled themselves in holes and dozed away the cold season. Innumerable adaptations sprang up at once, those species or individuals which failed to meet the new conditions perishing in the struggle. In proportion as we recede from the tropics, the more marked do the annual cycles of life thus induced become, many species practically ceasing to exist as such for several months of the year, and being only potentially represented by eggs, germs or seeds, and sometimes by dormant pregnant females.

At the same time, while the cause of the seasons as a whole is the obliquity of the earth's axis, with the resulting inclination of either pole toward the sun alternately, we must not forget that the seasons and the climate in each particular country depend in part upon many minor contributory causes. It is not merely nearness to or distance from the equator that counts; we have to consider also relative distribution of land and water, elevation, prevalent winds, exposure, condensation and many other elements of a complex problem. In Ecuador, for example, whose very name means the equator, the plain is always in scorching summer, the mountains are always in perpetual spring. The monsoons, again, produce in other countries some curious results; they themselves depend on the change of relative temperature in sea and land at different seasons; and they break upon the Himalayas with this odd and unexpected effect, that the snow line on the southern side of that vast range goes very far down, owing to the immense rainfall (or rather snowfall) and the consequent spread of

snow-fields and glaciers; while on the northern side it descends but a very little way, owing to the extreme desert drought and the great summer heat of the central Asiatic tableland. We have thus the apparent paradox that millions of Tibetans occupy towns and cultivate farms to the north at a height from three to four thousand feet above the snow line on the southern slope of the same mountains.

Looking at the matter broadly, then, and taking for granted the now generally accepted modern view that the great oceans and great continents have been relatively fixed (though liable to minor fluctuations and variations of outline) throughout all geological time, and that the earth's crust has not shifted from pole to equator or *vice versa*, we arrive at last at the following probable conclusions. There have always been seasons more or less marked, and these have been more or less organically answered by corresponding changes or cycles of change in plants and animals. Rain and drought have in many cases more to do with such changes than variations of temperature. The seasons, again, are less marked in the tropics than in temperate and circumpolar climates. Nevertheless, even near the equator, they exert and have always exerted certain organic influences—have resulted in annual cycles in the life of species. Even before the coming on of the glacial epoch, the seasons were probably somewhat more marked in the temperate and polar regions than in the tropics, the longer day in summer and the greater directness of impact of the rays making the summer months always warmer. But for various reasons, among which we may presumably rank the absence in early ages of high land at the poles and of an accumulated polar ice-cap, together with the existence of warm sea currents from the tropics to the poles, the winters of pre-glacial ages seem to have been relatively mild, perhaps (if we may judge

by the types of plant-life) milder than those of South Carolina and Georgia in our own period. No cold winds of importance seem then to have blown with blighting effect from glaciated or snow-clad districts. (Mars in our own time appears to enjoy winters somewhat of this character, though a little colder, with a temporary snow-cap.) The seasons as we know them in temperate and arctic climates, however, seem to be largely the result of the glacial epoch, and its persistent legacy are arctic and antarctic ice-caps. If we could once manage to get rid of those, it is possible that our planet might again enjoy in all its zones the mild and genial pre-glacial winters.

These are rough notes, I know—mere adumbrations of a probable truth; but adequately to develop the subject would require a very big volume. My object here is simply to suggest that in many inquiries, both into human and animal or vegetable life, we must never take the existence of seasons as we know them for granted, except in very recent times. The year, for organic beings, means essentially the seasons; and the seasons may mean and have meant many separate things, as time and place vary—heat and cold, food and scarcity, foliage and leaflessness, drought and wet; longer or shorter days, the midnight sun and the winter darkness; hibernation and wakefulness; the egg, the cocoon, the seed, the plant, the flower, the fruit; dormancy or vitality. According as human life started at the poles or the equator, for instance, it would view in the beginning many things differently. All I wish to point out now is merely this, that we must bear such possibilities ever in mind; and that we must never take for granted in any problem, human or biological, that the seasons were always just what we know them, or that the year to any organic being meant anything more than the seasonal cycle then and there prevalent.

GRANT ALLEN.

From The Speaker.
JANE AUSTEN.

The appeal by Lord Northbrook and others for a memorial window to Jane Austen in Winchester Cathedral will, we do not doubt, meet with a ready response. There never was a time, we fancy, when Miss Austen's hold upon the public was stronger than it is just now. In these days of notorious advertisement, there is something singularly refreshing in the story of that unassuming life, mostly passed in peaceful country homes, with few excitements beyond a sojourn in Southampton or in Bath. In these days of stormy personalities there is something singularly restful in the picture of that serene and cheerful lady, who never grew old, with her bright eyes and her full, round cheeks, playfully adopting caps as a symbol of old-maidhood at an age when many women draw lovers round them still, sitting in her quiet family circle, writing at her mahogany desk, and hiding her work with blotting-paper if any stranger came into the room; always reserved, observant, sensible, good-tempered, keenly alive to every little foible in the people whom she studied and portrayed; an enemy to sentiment, an enemy to anything that was violent, or affected, or grotesque; smiling ever, like the world her fancy dwelt in, and never stooping to reveal herself. What is the charm, one asks, that gives to those six little masterpieces, so modestly produced, their lasting audience and appeal? It lies, above all, in three strong characteristics—in their fidelity, their shrewd insight, their abounding humor. No great artist ever chose her ground more clearly from the first. No one ever confined herself more rigidly to that small section of the world which she knew intimately well. Her people were often dull and humdrum people. The incidents of their lives, the little round of visits and of dinners, of shopping, picnics, tea-parties and balls, were simple and trivial enough. And yet, with the keen eye which misses no detail, and with "the exquisite touch

which," in Scott's generous compliments, "renders commonplace things interesting from the truth of the description," their creator makes us know them, as we only know the friends with whom we have lived long. It is from the small touches, from the elaborate and minute detail, that this impression of life-like fidelity comes. The author spares no pains to stamp her scenes upon us. Critics have pointed out this trait, readers have noticed it, at every turn. In "Mansfield Park" it takes five pages to settle which ladies are to go in which carriages on a day's excursion to Sotherton Court. In the same novel it takes Henry Crawford seven pages to tell his sister that he means to propose to Fanny Price. It takes Miss Bates a couple of pages to invite Miss Woodhouse in to see her piano. And nowhere is this minuteness of observation seen more clearly than in the often-quoted scenes of Fanny Price's visit to her sordid, dingy home, and of the strawberry-picking in Mr. Knightley's garden. No one has played with more skill or exactness on the finer notes of comedy and irony in life.

But above this gift of minute observation stand out the shrewd sagacity and insight which make these elaborately painted figures live. It is wonderful how, working as she does in so small a range and with such small resources, Miss Austen differentiates her people. The wealth of her minor characters especially, all so broadly treated and yet so delicately touched, bears striking witness to her powers. No doubt her success is not always the same. No doubt, in spite of Macaulay's thorough-going denial, there are too many resemblances between the rather shadowy and self-assured young clergymen who sometimes figure as the heroes of her tales. No doubt, like every other great novelist, Miss Austen sometimes failed to make her hero hold the field. No doubt, now and then, that irresistible satiric humor tempted her to touches of caricature. Lady Bertram's

indolent apathy, Sir Walter Elliot's astonishing arrogance, Mr. Collins' blatant absurdity, and Darcy's stubborn pride may be a little overdone. No doubt the same sharp sense of the ridiculous, joined to her fastidious and impenetrable reserve, may account for the severity of satire which this young lady, whom all children loved, ever put on as armor when she wrote about a child. But how searchingly she read and knew her fellow-men, and above all her fellow-women! We have sometimes wondered whether the country society of Miss Austen's day was really so sternly practical as she implies, or whether her natural recoil from Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines of bombast and hysteria did not lead her to depict the life about her as even more resolutely unromantic than it was. Even among her heroines strong feeling hardly ever shows. Once Anne Elliott comes pathetically near it, but even then it is at once repressed. Marriage, of course, is assumed to be the prime object of almost every young woman who appears. But there must be no excess of sentiment about it. "I would have everybody marry if they can do it properly," says that charming Mary Crawford whom some presumptuous heretics prefer to Fanny Price, and that is the point of view from which Miss Austen approaches the question. These young ladies have too well-balanced a judgment and too strong a sense of humor for their emotions to sweep them off their feet. "It is better to know as little as possible," says Charlotte Lucas candidly, "of the defects of the person with whom you are to pass your life;" and when the person in question is Mr. Collins, no doubt the maxim holds. Almost invariably, when it comes to the proposal, the author drops her habit of detail, and generalizes in the most practical spirit. Mr. Knightley is, we think, the only hero who is allowed to make genuine and determined love. And yet, kept at a distance as we are in this stern atmosphere of self-control, we know these heroines as if we had been

meeting them for years, and one and all they move and breathe before us—the gentle, sad Anne Elliot, the shy and loyal Fanny Price, the bright and fearless Elizabeth Bennet, the sturdy, capable, exasperating Emma—as only the immortal women in the world of fiction do. Then, hardly inferior—in some cases superior—to the heroines in finish and acumen are the inimitable minor figures that make up the play—not only the famous Mrs. Norris, with her cheese-paring vulgarity, or the famous Miss Bates, the dear little old maid with the diminutive income, who is always "popping out with a thing before she's aware," and whom Mr. Knightley finely describes as "a standing lesson how to be happy," but the innumerable smaller people too—Mrs. John Dashwood, Mr. Bennet, Mrs. Elton, Mr. Woodhouse, Doctor Grant and a hundred others who crowd our memories and cling to our regard.

Yet Miss Austen's consummate humor is even greater than her consummate art. In buoyant, serene, and all-pervading humor, no woman has approached her. This, after all, is her quality of qualities, the secret of her long-enduring charm. Great as the kings of literature are great, great like Scott or Goethe, Hugo or Dumas, we would not say Miss Austen was. Her painting, as she truly said, was the painting of a miniature, not the great canvas of a mighty master's brush. Her taste and wisdom are best seen in the way in which she realized her limits and never tried to overstep them. But among the kings of humor, Miss Austen, as a woman, holds a sovereignty apart. It is for this reason that, unlike the seven distinguished literary men in the well-known story, we are disinclined to put "Mansfield Park" first among her novels. In force and workmanship no doubt it is the best. But, like "Persuasion," Miss Mitford's favorite, it is tinged with the severity of advancing years, and has less of that genuine comedy in which its author most excels. In this respect, for sheer delightful

humor, "Emma" stands higher, we think, than "Mansfield Park," and "Pride and Prejudice," the earliest work of all, stands higher still. Who cares whether Mr. Collins be or be not a caricature? Who stops to criticise the astonishing silliness of Mrs. Bennet, the grim, dry sarcasm of her husband, the intolerable rudeness of Darcy, the impudence of "the Right Honorable Lady Catherine de Bourgh"? The brightness and vivacity of the story carry us along. We laugh the full laugh of enjoyment, and pursue with zest the fortunes of the tale. The absurdity, no doubt, is greater, but the irony is less than in the later books. And humor, with its infinite variety and its infinite perception, was Miss Austen's strongest gift. In that sense Macaulay was justified in saying that the

hand which drew Miss Bates might have drawn Juliet's nurse, extravagant as in some respects the criticism may seem. In imagination, scope and power, other novelists surpass Jane Austen; but in the rich and penetrating humor with which she illuminates the humblest theme, we venture to think that she has no superior at all. We have placed in Westminster Abbey already a memorial to a still more celebrated humorist, who, with a genius more vivid and intense, but by methods less legitimate and fine, won in a later generation the laughter and the love of men. It is high time that we raised at Winchester that memorial, which Macaulay planned, to the earlier writer who has immortalized forever the pure and simple comedy of English life.

Profits of French Authors.—Our Paris correspondent writes: The French author whose works brought in most money in his lifetime was Victor Hugo. Their sale has been still greater since his death. In that time they have brought in £240,000. Louis Blanc sold the copyright of his "History of the Revolution" for £20,000. It is now read only in popular illustrated editions, and is sold chiefly to Radical Town Councils for prizes at their communal schools. Thiers obtained the same price for the copyright of his "History of the Consulate and the Empire." Chateaubriand received half as much for his memoirs. Victor Hugo was paid a royalty of one franc a volume for "Bug-Jargal," "Hans d'Islande," and "Notre Dame de Paris." The latter was, next to "Les Misérables," his most popular work of fiction. "Les Misérables" would never have been written had not Eugène Sue found telling subjects in the slaughter-house men, seamstresses and concierges who figure in "Les Mystères de Paris." La Bruyère was god-father of his publisher's daughter, Mlle.

Michallet. He gave her as a christening gift the copyright of "Les Caractères." The work brought her £4,000. "Emile," a work that revolutionized education, brought Rousseau £240. Nobody reads it now, unless to pass an examination in the literature of the last century. Flaubert sold the copyright of "Madame Bovary" for £16 to Michael Lévy, who made a fortune out of that book and Renan's works. Renan signed an agreement, which he never sought to evade, when he was a mere essayist. He was to receive a fixed annuity from Lévy in return for all he might write, and he bound himself to furnish a certain number of works in a given time. The income seemed wealth to him when he signed the agreement, but the merest mess of pottage in after life. Old Dumas was paid a centime a letter for his feuilleton of "La San Felice." He had been paid by the line, but the lines were so short that the publisher felt he did not receive full value. French literary rules favored Dumas.—London Daily News.